

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1902.

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MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE.



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— SKETCH '01

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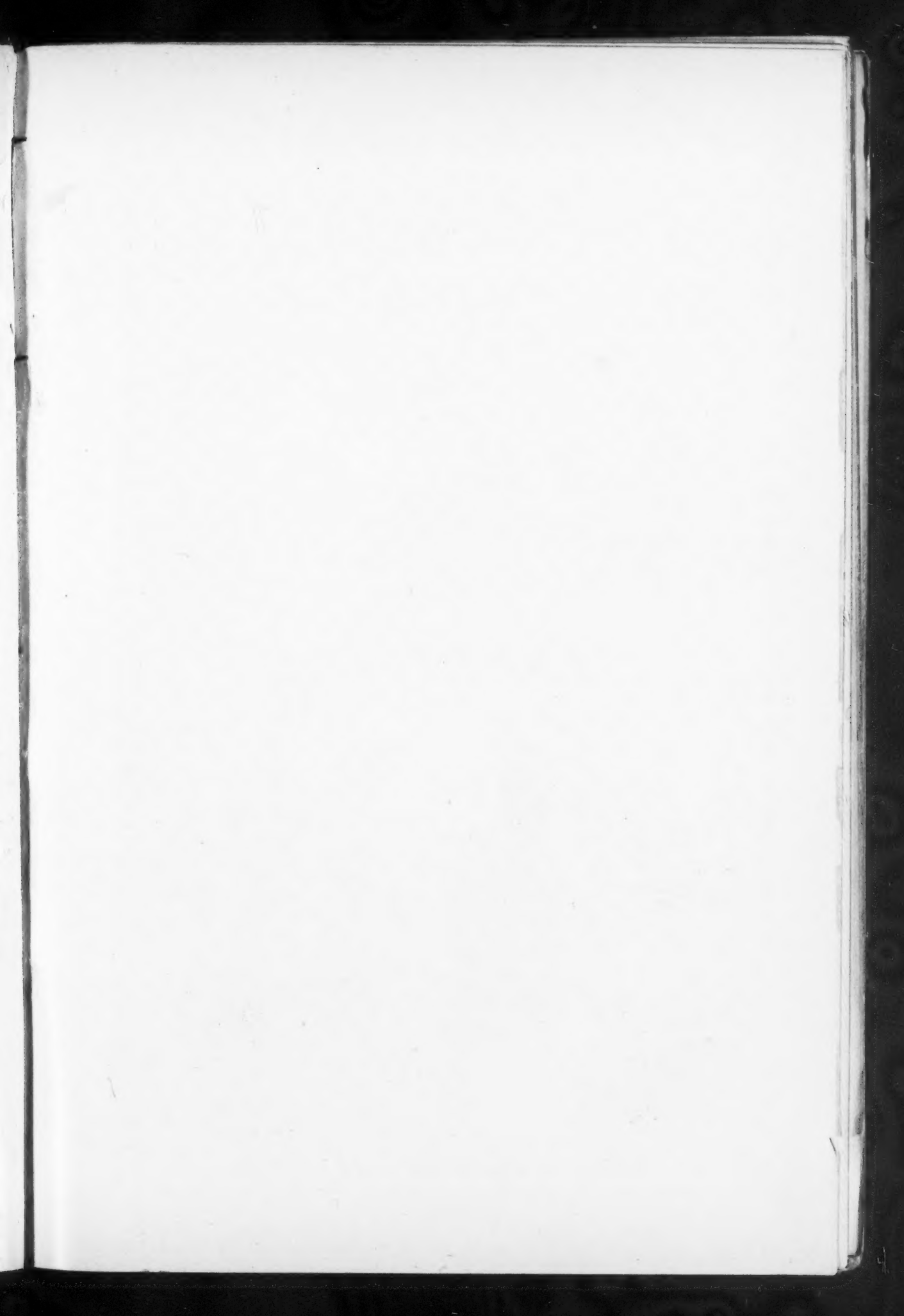
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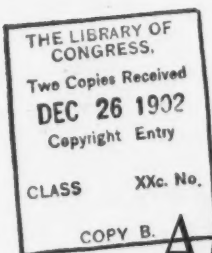
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*See page 87.*





# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

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## THE NATIVITY.

T. BOLDEN STEWARD.

A child is born ; all in the Earth and Sky  
Chorus unending song at this great birth.  
The heavens are gorgeous with the holy glow  
Of the resplendent light ; a herald star  
To the Wise Men (first pilgrims to his shrine),  
Loosed from the star-gemmed archway that impends  
Over God's golden throne, shot grandly thro'  
The firmament, and in crescent bright brightness glowed  
When all its spell divine was spent, above  
His birthplace lowly.

In snow-white robes and breathing o'er the earth  
Celestial odors. God sent messengers  
Fluting glad Seraph-notes of joy to those  
Late-watching shepherds ; diffused a soothing light  
About their path ; and in angelic strains  
The cherubim adore the Infinite.  
The shepherds view the manger-cradled Child ;  
Above the Heavens join their notes serene,—  
And countless tribes of men hear that love-theme,  
Divinely beautiful.

On the Child's brow divinely radiant gleams  
The love-lit crown of Eden innocence :  
And Seraphim, majestic, beautiful,  
His courts attend ; in choruses divine  
A choir invisible, through earth and sky  
Hymns to the warring sin-cursed Universe,  
Anthem of joyous praise, announcing Peace,  
Glory to God, and His good-will toward men.

Now Ocean, Earth and Sky  
 Echo the Seraph song; the caves of Hell  
 Groan back dull dirges of impending woe  
 And fell defeat; while a choronal choir  
 Of God's Archangels and Heaven's seraphs sings,  
 "Lo! here the gift of God, comes down to men,  
 The King of Earth, the Saviour of Mankind.  
 Let blood-redeemed mankind welcome their King,  
 Their Shepherd who from Calvary's Cross shall lead  
 Frail sin-sick souls all sinless, back to that  
 First Eden of their Father and their God.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY.

CHARLES W. HALL.

On the night of the adoration of the Magi, the three Kings had knelt in homage before the infant Christ, and having paid princely tribute in gold, frankincense and myrrh, returned unto their camps, whence the warning of Gabriel, the messenger of the Lord, sent them forth over the Eastern highways before the coming of the first dawn.

The Christ-Child had received both homage and gifts with strangely solemn majesty, and yet not without a charming infantile simplicity, such as endears so many darlings to loving mother-hearts. Nevertheless, whenas His stately visitors went forth, he gladly resigned the great gold coin to His father's care, and nestling close to His mother's breast, fell asleep. Mary and Joseph were more wakeful; the mother, because of her pride in the honors paid to her boy; while Joseph questioned much within himself, whether these things, once being known, might not bring upon him and his, the fatal notice of the fierce heathen and fanatical zealots, who were vainly seeking to wrest the realm of Palestine from the grasp of Herod the Great, and Rome the invincible.

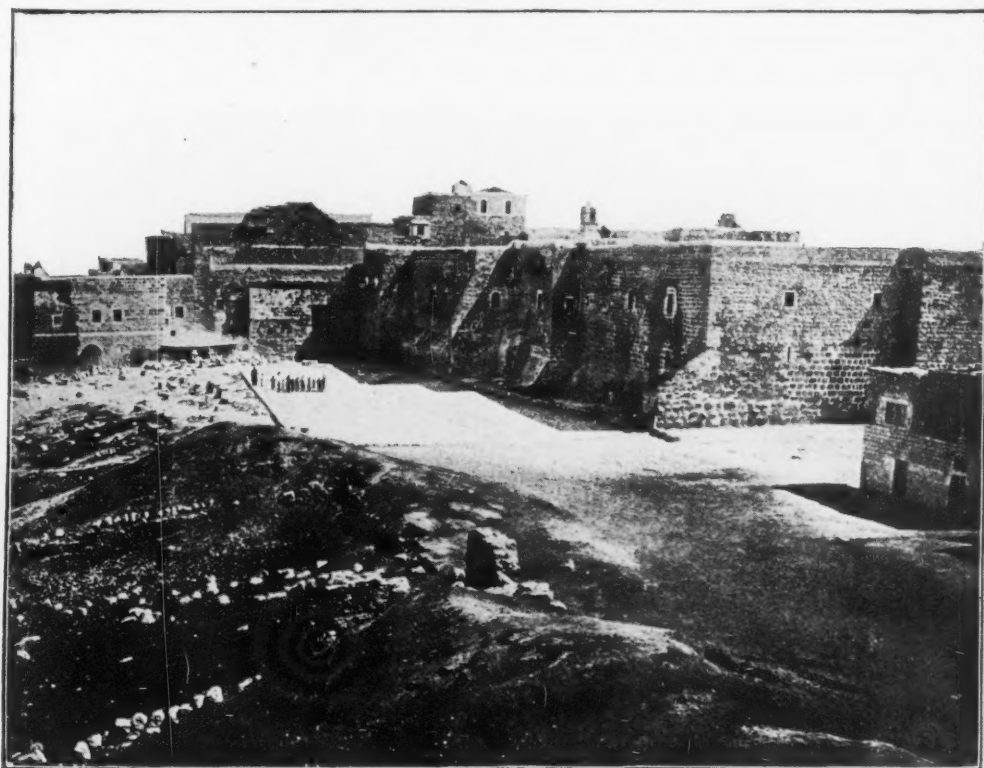
But, as he slept, a youth colossal in stature, and of a beauty unspeakable, stood beside him loudly crying: "Arise! and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt; and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to Jestroy it."

And Joseph doubted not, but arising quickly, awakened Mary, and told her to make ready to set forth at once and flee into Egypt; if she would save her child alive. By the dim radiance of a single brazen lamp, they gathered together their simple equipage, and packed and corded all things for the journey. Soon all was ready; the riding asses stood saddled at the door; the cold, still air told of frosts on the ranges above; the stars shone icily out of a clear but moonless sky, and through velvety darkness the grey road wound serpentwise into the southwest.

A full score of days of weary journeying lay before them, even if they followed the great military road, which Herod's horsemen would surely scour in unsparing search and swift pursuit, if any in Bethlehem, in hope of reward or fear of death gossiped of the birth in the manger; the adoration of the shepherds; the

lengthened stay of the wayfarers; the visit of the Eastern Magi and their sudden departure by night. Herod's messengers would surely learn these things; and his splendid body-guard of four hundred fierce Gauls: once the retinue of the luxurious Cleopatra; would cover every

of the faithful, had placed above the gate of the temple. Within the hour, they were dispersed, and many captured and in chains. No mercy was shown. In torments unspeakable and before the sun went down, the hapless teachers and forty of their followers, the flower of the Jew-



BETHLEHEM.—CONVENT OF THE NATIVITY.

*From a Photograph.*

highway for forty miles or more before the day was overpast.

Joseph's blood ran chill as he bethought him of the merciless anger of Herod; that grisly old tyrant who now lay dying in the "Black Fortress," on desecrated Mount Zion. Never was he more to be feared than, now. Scarce two days ago; made confident of the tyrant's decease by an universal rumor, two of the chiefest Pharisees, Judah and Matthias, had incited their scholars to tear down and destroy the massive, golden, Roman eagle, which Herod, despite the protests

ish schools, were put to death by the cross, the faggot and stake, impalement on sharpened stakes, and the fiendish devices of the torturer. Herod himself, eaten alive by worms, and beyond hope of recovery or even the alleviation of his awful agonies, in his Satanic pride nevertheless disdained repentance, and scorned to abate his ferocious and vengeful cruelty. He, "the Idumean," the mighty descendant of Esau, who had after so many generations, avenged the fraud of Jacob and trodden under his feet the sons of Israel would not falter now; because he him-

self, could no longer hold the sceptre; nor leave alive a pretender to the Herodian throne.

Had he not slain in his boundless ambition and limitless pride, Hyrcanus the Aged; Aristobulus the young and beautiful high priest of Jerusalem, and brother of his own wife; Joseph, his uncle; Mariamne, his wife, and her mother Alexandra; and lastly, his own sons, Alexander, Aristobulus and Antipater? What,

purse hung safely at his belt and ready to hand; and led the way adown the frost-white track which trended southwest into the hill-country of Judea. Daylight should take him past Hebron, and a league or less more, to the house of Elisabeth; with whom Mary had spent many happy days before the birth of John. From thence the wilderness must be their shelter, and the Most High their guide and protector.



"FOR HEROD WILL SEEK THE YOUNG CHILD TO DESTROY IT"

save death, swift and unsparing, awaited the child Jesus, if once in the power of Herod; whose merciless hate could not yield to gratitude or love, paternal affection or the fear of the Gods themselves?

No! the highway must not be traversed beyond Hebron at farthest. Nearby, dwelt Zacharias the priest, the husband of Elizabeth, the mother of John. Surely he might be trusted to advise by what wilderness trails and mountain paths, one might gain in safety "The River of Egypt!"

So Joseph drew the saddle-girth tighter; covered mother and child warmly against the cold; saw that sword and

So; as it is written in the books of the Apocrypha of the New Testament; the Holy Family disappeared from the broad avenues of travel, war and commerce, and went by solitary ways toward the Idumean-land and the Wilderness of Sin. Many and strange were the perils, through which they passed. Robbers beset their path, but overcome as by an influence divine, lowered lance and sheathed the sword, and bade them go on their way in peace. The rude sons of Ishmael gave them food and shelter; guided them across trackless sands and through savage passes, and told them of desert oases and solitary springs.



Great dragons, primeval scourges of the waste, or perchance emissaries of that Old Serpent that haunted Eden, sought to affright, but might not bar the way of the Family Divine. The lordly lion and savage panther, raiding untenanted valleys and cities desolate; grew mild and gentle and forebore to slay, under the mild and kindly eyes of the Son of their Creator.

Food failed them in the desert. The

driven sand, seemed held to check by the power divine. By night, they rested in groves of sycamore or palm, copses of feathery tamarisks, or graceful acacias, or perchance in some ancient cavern, hollowed in the rock by Anakim or Canaanite in the long ago.

So, day by day, they journeyed, winding by devious ways, and dangerous paths; through deep defiles scarce lighted by the noonday sun; under cedarn boughs

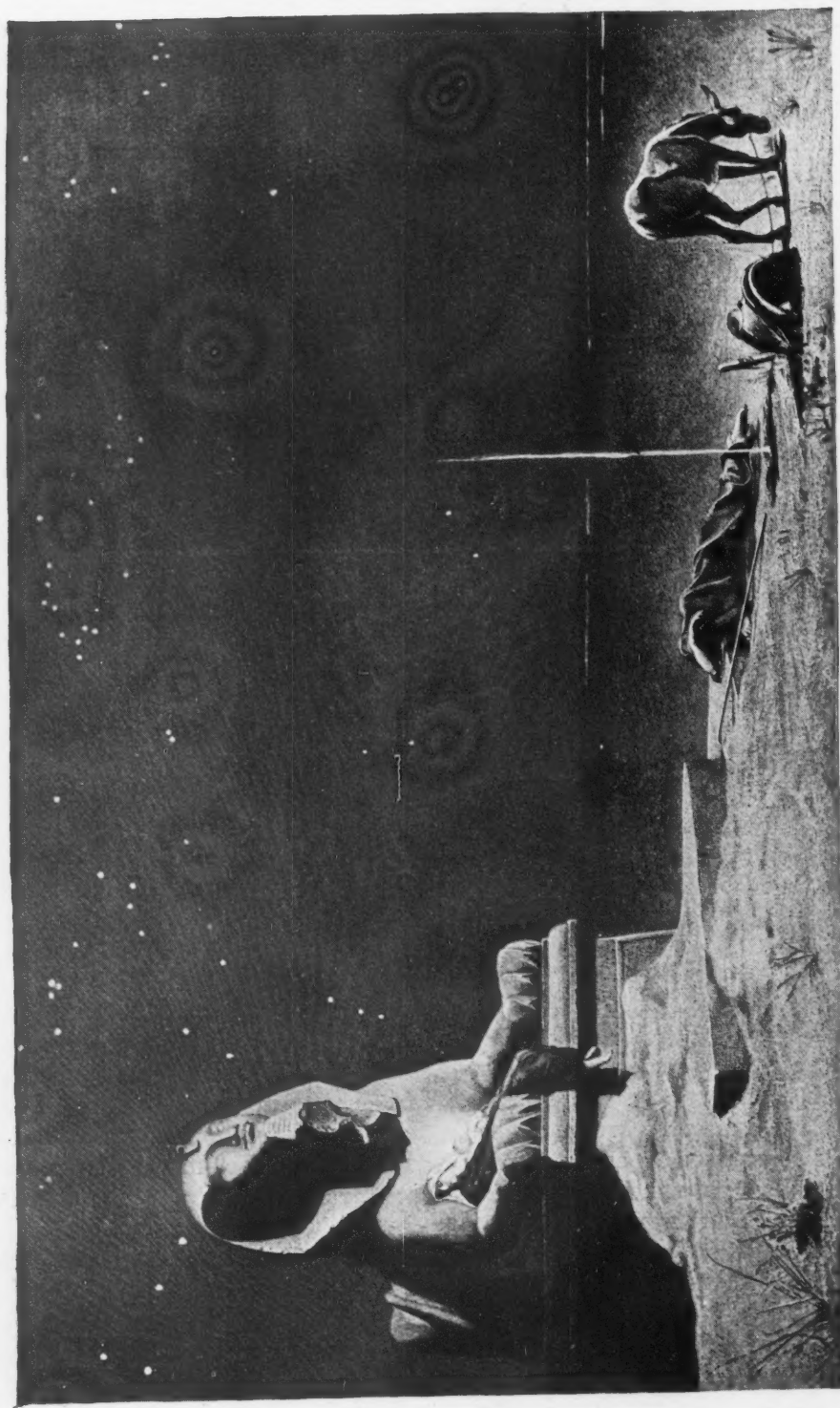


"FOOD FAILED THEM IN THE DESERT."

water-skins ran dry; Beasts and riders halted under a huge and solitary palm-tree, fainting and athirst. The Child, turned from the milkless breast, toward the huge palm-tree, and as if to pay tribute, it bent its stately trunk and feathery crown, discovering huge clusters of golden dates. As it swayed back from the knife, a great root broke through the scanty sward, and a hidden spring filled the narrow rift with cool clear water. Even the pitiless north-winds and swirling snow-squalls of the mountain gorges, cold, drenching rainstorms and the desert tempests, hot, stifling and sharp with

and overhanging cliffs; across burning sands and ledges of adamantine rock; beside ancient ruins and bone-strewn fields of battle; by many a storied well and water-course, to the sand-dunes of the Mediterranean and the "River of Egypt."

Thence, skirting the "Sea of Reeds" and that Red Sea wherein Moses had seen the arrogant Egyptians destroyed by the power of God, they came at length to Onias, a Hebrew settlement, lying east of the Nile, where many Jews were living in Peace. The Nile was in flood, and the temples and cities of the Delta



*From the painting by O. L. Merson.*  
THEY WERE PROBABLY FAR IN THE DESERT WHEN HEROD'S SOLDIERS ENTERED BETHLEHEM.



*From the painting by J. Portiaels.*

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.



rose like islands from the inundated valley; through which the great river ran nearly eight cubits deeper than in mid-summer.

Therefore they took boat and crossing the flooded valley, landed at the great city of On. Here they found friends and safety, for the Jews of the Delta were esteemed and trusted by the Roman emperor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nearly a year later, the Holy Family sat after their evening meal on the flat roof of the humble dwelling, which the wages of Joseph had enabled him to hire during his exile. It was again winter, the mild winter of Lower Egypt; and that day of the tenth month on which the Christ-Child had been born. A little wine, and other luxuries of that simple age had marked the birthday feast, and now the three awaited the setting of the sun and restful night.

Again, the Nile covered the broad Delta, and city, temple and fortress rose like embattled islets from that wide-spread sea, whose surface, vexed by the brisk sea-breeze from the distant Mediterranean, reflected the declining sun, from myriads of tiny wavelets and the swirling eddies of the swollen Nile. On the western horizon, against the golden and jewelled glories of the sunset sky, the pyramids stood revealed like the tents of the embattled angels who warred against heaven; their marble faces glowing like molten gold. To the north and northeast, Latopolis, Bubastis and Busiris reared their fortress-islands, whereon, amid feathery palms and ancient sycamores, rose tall obelisks and magnificent temples. Here and there, smaller islets, the real islands of the Nile, enshrined majestic fanes and avenues of palms and gnarled sycamores. Hundreds of vessels of every description, traversed the great river and the broader but shallower sea: flecking with sails of purple, brown, crimson and snow-white, often em-

blazoned with many a strange device, the sun-illuminated flood. The great triremes and lighter war-galleys of the Roman conqueror, the trading ships of every maritime people; huge rafts of timber and stone from the forests and quarries of the upper river; and a multitude of gaily painted and pennoned pleasure craft, were seen on every hand.

Around them extended the most ancient city of On, now called of the Romans, and most of those not of the Egyptian race, by its Grecian name of Heliopolis, "The City of the Sun!" and by the Hebrews, Beth Shemesh, "The House of the Sun." Therein the great temple of Ra, or as the Greeks called him, Helios, "The Sun-God," reared its magnificent propylae and massive, majestic halls amid avenues bordered with couchant sphinxes, colossal obelisks, gigantic statues, and the monuments of ancient kings, wise priests and mighty conquerors. Oldest of all the cities of ancient Khem; most magnificent in architecture; renowned for learning and especially for skill in astrology and divination; Heliopolis was famous throughout the ancient world. Here also, the Jews found a welcome refuge, the safest in all Egypt; and here stood the famous Jewish temple, erected by Onias, the deposed high priest nearly two hundred years before.

"It is a splendid city, albeit idolatrous, and rich beyond compare," said Joseph thoughtfully. "Moreover it hath been a sure refuge unto us in sore peril."

"Knowest thou, dear wife," he continued, "that on this same day, a year ago, this Gift of God came unto us at Bethlehem of Judea?"

"Surely! my husband, I remember. To-day, He hath been with us a year upon this earth; the Son of God, and yet the little nursling at my breast; the tender, helpless baby, who is to us in all else as a son. Verily my husband, I often forget that he hath aught of kingly heritage or



power divine; and at times I hold him in my arms and sing him to sleep as if he were but the carpenter's son that he seemeth to be.

"And yet, thou canst not but see?"

"Ah! My dear husband; I see but too well, the deep and solemn light that underlies the childish beauty of his eyes: and when an impatient or sinful thought stirs within my breast, the loving eyes grow sad and gaze so wistfully upon me,

"Alas? I know not; but peradventure the life of every man is in some sense a like mystery. Who can tell whence cometh the germ of that fiery spirit, which buddeth in infancy and childhood, and blossometh in youth, manhood and womanhood, only to pass away in an hour and be forgotten. But all these things are in the hands of God; we know, and we alone; that as the son of God and the promised Messiah, he hath been given un-



See page 86.

THE MOST HIGH THEIR GUIDE AND PROTECTOR.

that I cannot choose but repent of my anger, and be patient and at peace. Look at him now; how wisely he looketh out upon the city streets and up and down the Nile. Could anyone think you, gaze more wisely at river, tower and islet? What does he see, that we cannot see? What does he hear in the long bright days when I am at work and he laughs and murmurs, as he does when I, his mother, cover him with caresses, and sing him songs of love? What does he remember and think over, that he may not tell us, and which perhaps it were unlawful for us to know?"

to us for a while. That trust we may not forget or fail to keep, although it may well cost us many sorrows, if not life itself."

"And what dangers have we now to fear, my husband? Surely Herod is dead by this time, and who else would harm Him?"

"I know not. Yet until the angel of God shall summon us; we may not return. About us mystery gathers on mystery."

"This very day when we went forth together, and ye sate with the babe under the great sycamore tree before the

temple of Ra, an ancient priest of the college, spoke to me of the beauty of the day in courteous greeting."

"Thou hast a fair son, O! Jew," he said, "Of what age is the child?"

"He is just a year old today, my lord," I answered with respect, for I knew him by his speech and bearing, to be of the princes of Khem, and the higher priesthood.

"At what hour was he born?" he asked quietly, and I told him. "I have never seen such awe upon the face of a just man, as again he spoke":

"Oh father! Blessed beyond all men! yet born to many cares: Know that at this hour, a year ago, I kept in due course and time the vigil of our order, and saw overhead the stars which are called of the Greeks and Romans, Jupiter and Saturn, in conjunction in the house of life. For the third time in that year these mighty planets mingled their rays in such wise, that to the common people there seemed to blaze but one new star, and that glorious beyond description. This triple conjunction, being a thing unusual and deeply significant; I studied, as is our wont, the heavenly signs in the ascendant, and found that one who should be born at that hour, should become great beyond all living men, the conqueror of millions: yet beneficent and just. He should be a great teacher: a healer, to whom even death should relinquish his victims, a priest whose sacrifices should atone for the sins of all humanity. Nevertheless, I deemed that perils innumerable must threaten his infancy; poverty and seclusion obscure his youth; and his manhood be crowned with the aureole of the martyr, rather than with the diadem of the king."

"Also, it came to me afterward; as I mused upon this strange nativity, that 'The Seeker' was not only of Royal descent, but also of divine origin, and ordained from the beginning, to bring peace and healing to the children of men."

"Let me see him; Oh blessed one?" he continued; and as thou knowest, he came and looked upon the child, and bowed himself, as if in adoration or blessing. And when we had gone some little way apart, he said unto me, "What is thy name, Oh Jew?" and I said, "Thy servant's name is Joseph."

"Verily," said he, "it is the same as that of that great prince of thy people, called of us 'The Revealer of Secrets'; to whom also was given in marriage, the Princess Asenath, the daughter of Potiphera, high priest of this same temple of Ra, the Sun-God, seventeen centuries ago. He was not of our faith, yet on the Tree of Life within the inner temple, the priests of Amon engraved his name in characters undying, as the Savior of the Land of Khem in the Great Drought. Well thou art of kingly lineage, although poor and lowly, even as I am my brother."

"Deny it not, for I would not harm thee, nay I thank the gods! whom I have served, lo! these seventy years; that I have lived to see this day. This, thy son, must be that Messiah whom thy prophets foretold; that infant, of whom the Cumaean Sibyl sang and the Roman Virgil. Truly, in his deep, clear eyes, are the wisdom divine; the purity of heaven, and the very spirit of love and peace. Guard thy treasure well, Oh Joseph! and seek not to hasten the day of his earthly reign. Be sure that the All-Powerful will bring him into his kingdom in due time; neither may any prevail against him unless it be permitted. He cometh to a world worn out with lust, and slaughter, and warring creeds; and to a people who have outlived the things that made them great. Truly, as in a steel mirror, I seem to see many things that shall shortly come to pass; that shall fill the earth with violence in his name; destroy goodly kingdoms, and overthrow lofty temples and ancient beliefs; yet he shall not war against the nations, nor teach men to slay each other.



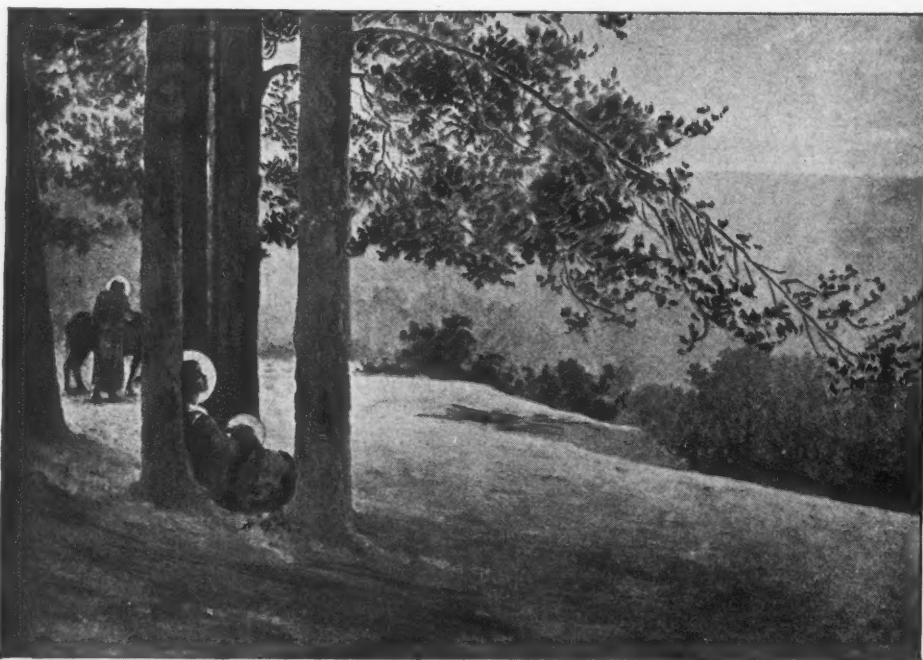
*From the painting by Anton Van Dyck.*

RESTING ON THE ROAD TO EGYPT.

"Counsel him; I beseech thee O Joseph! to remember this land of Khem, in the day of his power. For it is a land which hath sought wisdom, and from hence it hath been spread throughout the earth. Also, it hath thrice given an asylum unto the chiefs of his people; first unto Abraham and Lot; again, when Israel and thine whole people came here in the Great Famine; and lastly, when Europe and Asia threatened the life of

should seem to discern that this thy child is destined to become the Hope and Strength of Israel. Also I was fearful; since no man may know what the Herodian princes may plot against him. Moreover, there are many adventurers; besides the zealots who afflict Jerusalem and turn their swords against each other; who would plot and kill to possess him that they might profit thereby?"

The sun touched with the rim of a



*From the painting by A. LeRolle.*

RESTING ON THE WAY TO EGYPT.

the Messiah of thy people; Africa hath given thee peace and Egypt a sure refuge. Surely when He cometh into his heritage, he will show favor unto this ancient land. And now, farewell! for my old age draws swiftly to a close; yet I mourn not because of the wonder and joy of this our meeting. As for thee, thou wilt soon be recalled unto thine own land and people, and peace shall be thine unto the close of thy life-days."

"Wherefore," continued Joseph, "I was astounded, that an ancient, wise and just man: albeit an idolater and an alien;

brazen disc, the Libyan desert. The distant pyramids, the feathery outlines of lofty palm-groves, the heaven-piercing, yet angular and massive obelisks, the heavy outlines of the temple of Ra the Sun-god, stood out against the evening sky in sombre silhouettes. A woman's voice, in the next street, began a wild and melancholy strain, an eerie melody, which had no note of cheerful hope or chord of consolation. "It is the Lament for the Dead," said Mary, paling, "the only song which I have ever heard from Egyptian lips."



"Truly," said Joseph, "they say that this, the only remaining Egyptian song, is called 'The Song of Maneros,' because the only son of the first king of Egypt,

first-born of Pharaoh died, and that this, his dirge, was then composed, and beareth in its unearthly, mysterious lamentation, the passion and hopelessness of a



*See page 84.*

A FULL SCORE OF DAYS OF WEARY JOURNEYING LAY BEFORE THEM.

happening to die at an early age, was mourned and remembered in this song, and that for years none other has ever been known among the Egyptians. Others, of our faith, declare, however, that on the Night of the First Passover the

land in which 'there was not a house in which there was not one dead.' Nevertheless, I like not the omen, and would that this, his first birthday, could have passed happily, and without reminder of death."

But Mary, his mother, pitifully smiling, made answer: "Truly my husband, the Lord shall in his own good time compass the safety of His Son, and the redemption of his people. What are we, that we should be considered? and what are our lives and safety, to the great purposes of Jehovah? See, the sun has gone down, and my darling, little one sleeps. His first birthday is ended."

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, as Joseph slept upon the battlemented roof, there came unto him the

Vision of Guidance, and the angel of God, saying, "Arise! and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead who sought the young child's life." And they went into Judea; but Joseph feared Archelaus, the son of Herod, who reigned in his stead at Jerusalem. And, being warned of God in a dream, he went on northward to Nazareth in Syria, and dwelt there: Wherefore: as was foretold of Samson, the son of Manoah; Jesus was called "a Nazarene."

## ELIJAH WILLIAM SMITH.

### A COLORED POET OF EARLY DAYS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

In these early days of the Twentieth century, the complexion and racial characteristics of "the hill," the time-honored West End residence of many a famous family of color in Massachusetts, have changed so greatly in ten years that even the ghosts of our friends of those early days must find it lonely traveling among the present unfamiliar scenes. Yet many familiar landmarks remain to cheer the old inhabitant who still clings to dear associations.

Within a very few years we have had to see many precious buildings broken to bits and carted away to chaos. The old Hayden house and the Cooley house long stood in twin relationship, the beacon lights to many a fugitive from slavery. In the grand words of our poet in a glowing tribute to Lewis Hayden:

"All his thoughts were for his people;  
And for them he toiled; watched while they slept,

The tyrant foiled; and when the ready hand was

Called and the strong arm,  
'Twas his to answer 'Here am I,'  
And shield them from all harm."

Hobnobbing with these two families was that of our poet, the Cæsars, Rileys,

J. J. Smiths, Mitchells, Ruffins, Grays, Wentworths, Bryants, Clarks and a host of other familiar names. But time and tide wait for no man; improvements have crept in and changed the former old-time homes. Many of the present heads of young Boston families helped to form the infant class of Father Grimes's popular church—the present Twelfth Baptist church—on Phillips street, which now seems unrecognizable in its spick-span newness; the old frequenters, too, have died off or dropped away, allured by the welcoming arms of the Episcopal church, whose mission of St. Augustine, near Cedar street, is one of the interesting new features of this neighborhood. Father Grimes's church was the church-home of Elijah Smith and family for many happy years.

On the other side of "the hill," the old St. Paul edifice has done more than change its coat—it has changed religions, too, and now greets us as a Jewish synagogue. If brick and mortar can mourn—even stone possesses life—how many tears that venerable building must have shed over its fall from Christianity. On

both sides of the hill, the footsteps of Elijah W. Smith are more compact than elsewhere in Boston, for he was born in 1830, at the corner of West Cedar and Revere streets, obtained his schooling at the old Smith School, now the G. A. R. Hall for colored veterans, on Joy street, and spent his Sabbaths under the voice of his grandfather, Rev. Thomas Paul, in the St. Paul church, founded by him in 1801. But after his marriage to Miss Eliza Riley, Mr. Smith's life became more closely identified with the Phillips street side of the historic hill.

By a happy chance—for they have a trick in Boston now of destroying just the buildings we would select to save—E. W. Smith's successive homes have been spared untouched for our regard. For many years he lived at the corner of Smith court and Phillips street in intimate association with the dearly loved, tried and true leading men of his race, and its white friends, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Wilson, Francis Jackson, Gov. Andrew, and all the rest of those stars of the first magnitude, loved Elijah Smith and visited him, finding in his brilliant intellect fit meat for thoughtful minds. Mrs. Smith's library contained the leading writers and most of the books written by colored men. The walls of his house were covered by the pictures of the leading spirits in American history, and one could not but feel the air of culture and refinement pervading his home. The subject of this sketch was the second son of Elijah and Ann Paul Smith. Susan Paul, a sister of Ann Paul Smith, was long associated with William Lloyd Garrison in anti-slavery matters. The Pauls, grand-uncles of Elijah, consisted of five brothers and an only sister. These men were residents of Exeter, N. H., and many of the marriages and births in the family are registered there. The Paul brothers were educated in England and returned to this country to preach. They were all Baptist ministers, very eloquent and

forceful in the pulpit. Their descendants are scattered over New York State, throughout New England and in Canada. Elijah Smith inherited his talent from his grandfather Paul; there was another poet in the family, James M. Whitfield, descended from Ann Paul, the only sister of the five brothers Paul, and a second cousin to Elijah Smith. This man published a volume of poems in 1846, which stood the test of criticism. His poem, "How long, O God, how long!" holds an enviable place in American literature. So it will be seen that the law of heredity holds good among all races.

Mr. Smith's immediate family included his wife, two daughters—Mrs. Annie Paul Sims and Miss Hattie Smith—since married to John M. Burrell, Esq., a promising young lawyer of Boston—and Mrs. Susan Paul Vashon, his sister, well and favorably known in the southwest as a public school teacher.

At an early age Mr. Smith was placed in the office of "The Liberator," to learn the printer's trade under Mr. Garrison's supervision. He soon became an expert typesetter, and afterwards a proof-reader in that office, remaining there for a number of years, and there he developed the genius of poetry for which he became so celebrated. Ill health demanded a change from the atmosphere of the printing office, and Mr. Smith reluctantly entered new fields of labor.

In those days the colored men of the country earned their bread by barbering, waiting, steamboating, etc. The Howards, Lockleys, Pindells, Charles Rose, Cornelius Lenox and William Jarvis of Lynn (late Governor's messenger at State House, Boston), were all barbers and owned property and made handsome livings. J. B. Smith, Dalton Jacob Moore, were waiters who had amassed a competency. John Spencer, Mr. Woodman, Mr. Boleyn were steamboat stewards, drawing large salaries. Mr. Smith finding himself obliged to change his

business, secured the position of steward on one of the steamboats plying between Boston and St. John, N. B., where his financial condition was flourishing. His genial ways, intelligence and refined bearing won the esteem of patrons and employees, and very soon he was offered the position of head-waiter at the famous hostelry known as Young's Hotel, where for twenty-five years he was a leading spirit.

But it is as a poet that we know him best. No one can read his poems without a regret that he could not have written more, could not have enjoyed the life he best loved and that his genius demanded. Few living poets understood better than he did, the elements of true poetry. "The evenness of his numbers," says Dr. Brown, "the polish of his diction, the rich melody of his musically-embodied thoughts, and the variety of his information, show that Nature was not sparing in showering her gifts upon him." Life has been better and brighter for what he has done. Even when he amused he taught, and what light is to the material world, the poet is to the intellectual. Most of his articles have appeared in "The Boston Daily Traveler" and "The Saturday Evening Express," once well known dailies with a large circulation. The following lines are from the beautiful and soul-stirring poem entitled "Freedom's Jubilee," read at a Ratification Meeting of the Fifteenth Amendment:

"Glory to God! for the struggle is ended,  
Glory to God! for the victory won,  
Honor to those who the Right have defended,  
Through the long years since the conflict begun.

"O, may the prayers of those ready to perish  
Guard them from harm like a girdle of fire!  
Deep in our hearts their good deeds we will cherish,  
And to deserve them we'll ever aspire.

"God! at Thine altar in thanksgiving bending,  
Grant that our eyes Thy great goodness may see;

O may Thy light while the temple's veil rend-  
ing,  
Show, through its portals, the path of the Free."

"Our Lost Leader," written on the death of Charles Sumner, is one of Mr. Smith's best productions. We give the last verse:

"Give us the faith to kneel around  
Our country's shrine, and swear  
To keep alive the sacred flame  
That Sumner kindled there!"

The "Song of the Liberators" has in it the snap and fire that shows the author's appreciation of the workers for liberty. We give two verses:

"The battle-cry is sounding  
From every hill and vale,  
From rock to rock resounding,  
Now shall the tyrants quail.  
No more with chain and fetter,  
No more with prison cell,  
Shall despots punish heroes  
In the land they love so well.

"And thou, O Isle of Beauty,  
Thy plaintive cry is heard;  
Throughout our wide dominions,  
The souls of men are stirred;  
And rising in their manhood,  
They shout from sea to sea,  
'Destruction to the tyrants!  
Fair Cuba shall be free!'"

We give the whole of the poem "Robert Morris," read at the Memorial Meeting, held in Boston, at Charles Street church, March 5, 1883:

"He sleeps! the faithful sentinel  
On freedom's outer wall;  
No more we hear his warning voice,  
No more his bugle call;  
But not until the baffled foe  
In dire dismay had fled,  
Aye, not until the starry flag  
Waved *spotless* o'er his head.

"His boyhood saw grim Prejudice  
Its giant shadow cast  
O'er each ennobling dream of youth,  
And every prospect blast.  
His early manhood felt the chill  
Of base Proscription's hand;  
No refuge for his hunted race  
In freedom's favored land.



"For him no bow of promise shone  
Before his eager eyes;  
No star of hope lit up the gloom  
Of his o'erclouded skies;  
His strife was for equality;  
No honor sought, or fame;  
He climbed the adamant heights  
And chiseled there his name!

"And on the summit, all serene,  
What glories met his view!  
Oppression's cloud had rolled away,  
And all the world seemed new,  
The glorious sun ne'er shone so bright,  
The birds ne'er sang so sweet,  
Proscription, with a mortal wound,  
Lay, writhing, at his feet!

"And O, how few have seen the bud  
Of youthful hope unfold  
Into the perfect flower of joy,  
With leaves of burnished gold!  
How few have heard the chorus grand  
Whose first notes caught their ear  
Amid the clanking of the chain,  
The sign, the groan, the tear!

"We honor him because he stood  
Calm 'mid the raging sea;  
True to his God, his race, himself,  
His country, liberty;  
And from the polished shield he bore  
The shafts of malice fell  
As billows from the good ship's prow  
That breasts the ocean's swell.

"He serves his race who bears its mark  
With honor to the end;  
And stands equipped, in armor bright,  
Its manhood to defend;  
And he but plays the craven's part  
Who looked idly on,  
While freedom's fight, by other blades,  
In other hands is won.

"Rest thou in peace! thy work is done;  
How well our lips can tell;  
Not with a sorrow without hope  
We hear thy passing bell:  
For with the names of those whose lives  
Shed lustre on our race,  
Unblemished by dishonor's stain,  
Shall Morris take its place.

"Rest! for the struggling sun that rose  
'Mid slavery's gloomy haze  
In glory sets; with roseate hues  
The firmament's ablaze.  
Rest! for thy beacon's light shall shine  
Forth, as one lighthouse more  
To warn us of the sunken reefs  
That guard fair freedom's shore.

"And all along our beaten path  
These bright examples stand:  
There Attucks fell, here Morris strove,  
And Douglass waves his brand;  
The martyr, patriot, and sage,  
The living and the dead,  
Still lead our upward march and bear  
Their banners o'er our head."

Though Mr. Smith wrote on various themes, the highest inspiration came to him through the wrongs of his race and the efforts of its friends to right these wrongs. His greatest enthusiasm was aroused by those great men,—Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Douglass, Nell and other leaders, and his poetic tributes to their valiant leadership have never been surpassed by poet of any race.

Mr. Smith was emphatically a race man; no tale of woe was unheeded by him; his bounty was freely dispensed. Eminently social and domestic, his hospitality was liberal, and though he was a good liver, avoided excesses. It is said that he never lost a friend. Of him it may be truly said:

"He kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and so men o'er  
him wept."

He was the life and soul of the domestic circle, and in the society of his dear ones at home he passed his happiest hours. No husband and father was ever more truly mourned than Elijah W. Smith. By his daily life he sought to inculcate a comprehensive Christianity. His religious enthusiasm and love for his church, his upright character, and patience during a long illness, all present an example rare and beautiful.

In a simple and sufficient faith he died; in that faith he still speaks to us, although the voice of his muse is hushed. We have learned from his life the value of generosity, purity, kindness, unselfishness, and these are the truest tributes of praise we can give this friend who loved, with a rare and touching love, his friends, his country, and his race.

The veteran writer and poet died October 7, 1895, of a lingering affection of

the heart, and the funeral took place from Zion A. M. E. church before a large number of leading and well known citizens. Among those assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to mortality were most of the professional colored men of Boston as well as many leading white citizens; among the latter was Mr. Francis Jackson Garrison, son of the famous abolitionist, with whom Mr. Smith labored for many years. Among the pall-bearers was David T. Oswell, of Worcester, Mass., recently deceased, a life-long friend of Mr. Smith, and one of the greatest musicians the colored race has ever produced, a violin virtuoso of purest genius and most careful culture.

The words of the following poem, written by Mr. Smith in memory of William C. Nell, may well be said of himself:

"Another soldier gone!  
One of the Spartan band  
Who fought the fight  
With weapons bright  
When slavery ruled the land.

"God gave thee to behold  
Our banner floating free!  
Gave thee to hear  
The triumph-cheer  
That told of liberty!

"Dear, faithful friend, farewell!  
Our gratitude is thine:  
The prayers we breathe  
Thy name shall wreath  
With memory's flowers divine!"

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

MRS. H. M. REID.

I was sitting by the fire,  
On a cold, cold wintery night,  
Listening to the children's prattle  
In their joy and their delight.  
Of the foremost thought within them,  
"Santa Claus will soon be here,  
We can hear his sleigh-bells jingle  
Just the same as tho' he's near."

Then my heart grew sad for others,  
Many, many miles away,  
Father, mother, sister, brother,  
Thinking that same thought today.  
But their Christmas will be poorly,  
Not as bright as ours around,  
Yet they kneel and thank their Saviour  
That he loves and does not frown  
Upon little country children  
Just because they're not in town.

In my fancy now I see them,  
Feeding, milking, hauling corn;  
Then when night comes, getting ready  
Sack and gun, and hounds and horn.

They will go and hunt the "possum,"  
Alfred, John and Mr. Mc,  
And I think I hear them shouting,  
H-o-o-p! when Driver's on the track.

"Light the lantern, Leed has treed one,  
Hear him bark!" they shout with glee,  
And LeRoy climbs up the Red Oak,  
Shakes the "possum" from the tree.  
"Here he is: and he's a big one:  
Oh what luck! Ah, let me see;  
Listen, boys, they've treed another,  
I hear Ponto; hurry he!"

Aloa takes the sack of "possums"  
(When they've caught some two or three),  
James will blow the horn for doggies;  
Here comes Driver, Ponto, Leed.  
Now they turn their footsteps homeward,  
Calling grandpa, sleeping sound;  
"Clean our game tomorrow morning,  
Grandma, cook them nice and brown."

"How we wished Hagar was with us,  
But she don't eat "possum" tho',  
Yet she would enjoy the hunting  
Of the cunning fellow, so."  
This is how they spend their Christmas  
Many, many miles away,  
In the woods among the blackjacks,  
Hauling feed, corn, fodder, hay.

Could they hear the Christmas carol,  
Could they hear the church-bells, then,  
Could they hear the choir singing,  
"Peace On Earth Good Will Towards Men",  
Would they long to leave the country?  
Would they pine for life afar?  
Would they give up all their pleasure?  
Just to come here where we are?  
No; they'd rather hunt the "possum,"  
Feed their horses just at dawn,  
Than to hear the Christmas carol,  
Than to live in crowded town.

## OF ONE BLOOD.\*

## OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IV. (*Concluded.*)

The most marvellous thing to watch is the death of a person. At that moment the opposite takes place to that which took place when life entered the first unit, after nature had prepared it for the inception of life. How the vigorous life watches the passage of the liberated life out of its earthly environment! What a change is this! How important the knowledge of whither life tends! Here is shown the setting free of a disciplined spirit giving up its mortality for immortality,—the condition necessary to know God. Death! There is no death. Life is everlasting, and from its reality can have no end. Life is real and never changes, but preserves its identity eternally as the angels, and the immortal spirit of man, which are the only realities and continuities in the universe, God being over all, Supreme Ruler and Divine Essence from whom comes all life. Somewhat in this train ran Reuel's thoughts as he stood beside the seeming dead girl, the cynosure of all the medical faculty there assembled.

To the majority of those men, the case was an ordinary death, and that was all there was to it. What did this young upstart expect to make of it? Of his skill and wonderful theories they had heard strange tales, but they viewed him coldly as we are apt to view those who dare to leave the beaten track of conventionality.

Outwardly cool and stolid, showing no sign of recognition, he stood for some seconds gazing down on Dianthe; every nerve quivered, every pulse of his body throbbed. Her face held for him a wonderful charm, an extraordinary fascination. As he gazed he knew that once more he beheld what he had vaguely

sought and yearned for all his forlorn life. His whole heart went out to her; destiny, not chance, had brought him to her. He saw, too, that no one knew her, none had a clue to her identity; he determined to remain silent for the present, and immediately he sought to impress Livingston to do likewise.

His keen glance swept the faces of the surrounding physicians. "No, not one," he told himself, "holds the key to unlock this seeming sleep of death." He alone could do it. Advancing far afield in the mysterious regions of science, he had stumbled upon the solution of one of life's problems: *the reanimation of the body after seeming death.*

He had hesitated to tell of his discovery to any one; not even to Livingston had he hinted of the daring possibility, fearing ridicule in case of a miscarriage in his calculations. But for the sake of this girl he would make what he felt to be a premature disclosure of the results of his experiments. Meantime, Livingston, from his place at the foot of the cot, watched his friend with fascinated eyes. He, too, had resolved, contrary to his first intention, not to speak of his knowledge of the beautiful patient's identity. Curiosity was on tiptoe; expectancy was in the air. All felt that something unusual was about to happen.

Now Reuel, with gentle fingers, touched rapidly the clammy brow, the icy, livid hands, the region of the pulseless heart. No breath came from between the parted lips; the life-giving organ was motionless. As he concluded his examination, he turned to the assembled doctors:

"As I diagnose this case, it is one of suspended animation. This woman has been long and persistently subjected to

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mesmeric influences, and the nervous shock induced by the excitement of the accident has thrown her into a cataleptic sleep."

"But, man!" broke from the head physician in tones of exasperation, "rigor mortis in unmistakable form is here. The woman is dead!"

At these words there was a perceptible smile on the faces of some of the students—associates who resented his genius as a personal affront, and who considered these words as good as a reprimand for the daring student, and a settler of his pretensions. Malice and envy, from Adam's time until today, have loved a shining mark.

But the reproof was unheeded. Reuel was not listening. Absorbed in thoughts of the combat before him, he was oblivious to all else as he bent over the lifeless figure on the cot. He was full of an earnest purpose. He was strung up to a high tension of force and energy. As he looked down upon the unconscious girl whom none but he could save from the awful fate of a death by post-mortem, and who by some mysterious mesmeric affinity existing between them, had drawn him to her rescue, he felt no fear that he should fail.

Suddenly he bent down and took both cold hands into his left and passed his right hand firmly over her arms from shoulder to wrist. He repeated the movements several times; there was no response to the passes. He straightened up, and again stood silently gazing upon the patient. Then, like a man just aroused from sleep, he looked across the bed at Livingston and said abruptly:

"Dr. Livingston, will you go over to my room and bring me the case of vials in my medicine cabinet? I cannot leave the patient at this point."

Livingston started in surprise as he replied: "Certainly, Briggs, if it will help you any."

"The patient does not respond to any of the ordinary methods of awakening.

She would probably lie in this sleep for months, and death ensue from exhaustion, if stronger remedies are not used to restore the vital force to a normal condition."

Livingston left the hospital; he could not return under an hour; Reuel took up his station by the bed whereon was stretched an apparently lifeless body, and the other doctors went the rounds of the wards attending to their regular routine of duty. The nurses gazed at him curiously; the head doctor, upon whom the young student's earnestness and sincerity had evidently made an impression, came a number of times to the bare little room to gaze upon its silent occupants, but there was nothing new. When Livingston returned, the group again gathered about the iron cot where lay the patient.

"Gentlemen," said Reuel, with quiet dignity, when they were once more assembled, "will you individually examine the patient once more and give your verdicts?"

Once more doctors and students carefully examined the inanimate figure in which the characteristics of death were still more pronounced. On the outskirts of the group hovered the house-surgeon's assistants ready to transport the body to the operating room for the post-mortem. Again the head physician spoke, this time impatiently.

"We are wasting our time, Dr. Briggs; I pronounce the woman dead. She was past medical aid when brought here."

"There is no physical damage, apparent or hidden, that you can see, Doctor?" questioned Reuel, respectfully.

"No; it is a perfectly healthful organism, though delicate. I agree entirely with your assertion that death was induced by the shock."

"Not death, Doctor," protested Briggs.

"Well, well, call it what you like—call it what you like, it amounts to the same in the end," replied the doctor testily.

"Do you all concur in Doctor Hamilton's diagnosis?" Briggs included all the physicians in his sweeping glance. There was a general assent.

"I am prepared to show you that in some cases of seeming death—or even death in reality—consciousness may be restored or the dead brought back to life. I have numberless times in the past six months restored consciousness to dogs and cats after rigor mortis had set in," he declared calmly.

"Bosh!" broke from a leading surgeon. In this manner the astounding statement, made in all seriousness, was received by the group of scientists mingled with an astonishment that resembled stupidity. But in spite of their scoffs, the young student's confident manner made a decided impression upon his listeners, unwilling as they were to be convinced.

Reuel went on rapidly; his eyes kindled; his whole person took on the majesty of conscious power, and pride in the knowledge he possessed. "I have found by research that life is not dependent upon organic function as a principle. It may be infused into organized bodies even after the organs have ceased to perform their legitimate offices. Where death has been due to causes which have not impaired or injured or destroyed tissue formation or torn down the structure of vital organs, life may be recalled when it has become entirely extinct, which is not so in the present case. This I have discovered by my experiments in animal magnetism."

The medical staff was fairly bewildered. Again Dr. Hamilton spoke:

"You make the assertion that the dead can be brought to life, if I understand your drift, Dr. Briggs, and you expect us to believe such utter nonsense." He added significantly, "My colleagues and I are here to be convinced."

"If you will be patient for a short time longer, Doctor, I will support my assertion by action. The secret of life lies in

what we call volatile magnetism—it exists in the free atmosphere. You, Dr. Livingston, understand my meaning; do you see the possibility in my words?" he questioned, appealing to Aubrey for the first time.

"I have a faint conception of your meaning, certainly," replied his friend.

"This subtle magnetic agent is constantly drawn into the body through the lungs, absorbed and held in bounds until chemical combination has occurred through the medium of mineral agents; always present in normal animal tissue. When respiration ceases this magnetism cannot be drawn into the lungs. It must be artificially supplied. This, gentlemen, is my discovery. I supply this magnetism. I have it here in the case Dr. Livingston has kindly brought me." He held up to their gaze a small phial wherein reposed a powder. Physicians and students, now eager listeners, gazed spell-bound upon him, straining their ears to catch every tone of the low voice and every change of the luminous eyes; they pressed forward to examine the contents of the bottle. It passed from eager hand to eager hand, then back to the owner.

"This compound, gentlemen, is an exact reproduction of the conditions existing in the human body. It has common salt for its basis. This salt is saturated with oleo resin and then exposed for several hours in an atmosphere of free ammonia. The product becomes a powder, and *that* brings back the seeming dead to life."

"Establish your theory by practical demonstration, Dr. Briggs, and the dreams of many eminent practitioners will be realized," said Dr. Hamilton, greatly agitated by his words.

"Your theory smacks of the supernatural, Dr. Briggs, charlatanism, or dreams of lunacy," said the surgeon. "We leave such assertions to quacks, generally, for the time of miracles is past."

"The supernatural presides over man's

formation always," returned Reuel, quietly. "Life is that evidence of supernatural endowment which originally entered nature during the formation of the units for the evolution of man. Perhaps the superstitious masses came nearer to solving the mysteries of creation than the favored elect will ever come. Be that as it may, I will not contend. I will proceed with the demonstration."

There radiated from the speaker the potent pressence of a truthful mind, a pure, unselfish nature, and that inborn dignity which repels the shafts of lower minds as ocean's waves absorb the drops of rain. Something like respect mingled with awe hushed the sneers, changing them into admiration as he calmly proceeded to administer the so-called life-giving powder. Each man's watch was in his hand; one minute passed—another—and still another. The body remained inanimate.

A cold smile of triumph began to dawn on the faces of the older members of the profession, but it vanished in its incipency, for a tremor plainly passed over the rigid form before them. Another second—another convulsive movement of the chest!

"She moves!" cried Aubrey at last, carried out of himself by the strain on his nerves. "Look, gentlemen, she breathes! *She is alive*; Briggs is right! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"We said there could not be another miracle, and here it is!" exclaimed Dr. Hamilton with strong emotion.

Five minutes more and the startled doctors fell back from the bedside at a motion of Reuel's hand. A wondering nurse, with dilated eyes, unfolded a screen, placed it in position and came and stood beside the bed opposite Reuel. Holding Dianthe's hands, he said in a low voice: "Are you awake?" Her eyes unclosed in a cold, indifferent stare which gradually changed to one of recognition. She looked at him—she smiled, and said

in a weak voice, "Oh, it is you; I dreamed of you while I slept."

She was like a child—so trusting that it went straight to the young man's heart, and for an instant a great lump seemed to rise in his throat and choke him. He held her hands and chafed them, but spoke with his eyes only. The nurse said in a low voice: "Dr. Briggs, a few spoonfuls of broth will help her?"

"Yes, thank you, nurse; that will be just right." He drew a chair close beside the bed, bathed her face with water and pushed back the tangle of bright hair. He felt a great relief and quiet joy that his experiment had been successful.

"Have I been ill? Where am I?" she asked after a pause, as her face grew troubled and puzzled.

"No, but you have been asleep a long time; we grew anxious about you. You must not talk until you are stronger."

The nurse returned with the broth; Dianthe drank it eagerly and called for water, then with her hand still clasped in Reuel's she sank into a deep sleep, breathing softly like a tired child. It was plain to the man of science that hope for the complete restoration of her faculties would depend upon time, nature and constitution. Her effort to collect her thoughts was unmistakable. In her sleep, presently, from her lips fell incoherent words and phrases; but through it all she clung to Reuel's hand, seeming to recognize in him a friend.

A little later the doctors filed in noiselessly and stood about the bed gazing down upon the sleeper with awe, listening to her breathing, feeling lightly the fluttering pulse. Then they left the quiet house of suffering, marvelling at the miracle just accomplished in their presence. Livingston lingered with Briggs after the other physicians were gone.

"This is a great day for you, Reuel," he said, as he laid a light caressing hand upon the other's shoulder.

Reuel seized the hand in a quick con-

vulsive clasp. "True and tried friend, do not credit me more than I deserve. No praise is due me. I am an instrument—how I know not—a child of circumstances. Do you not perceive something strange in this case? Can you not deduce conclusions from your own intimate knowledge of this science?"

"What can you mean, Reuel?"

"I mean—it is a *dual* mesmeric trance! The girl is only partly normal now. Binet speaks at length of this possibility in his treatise. We have stumbled upon an extraordinary case. It will take a year to restore her to perfect health."

"In the meantime we ought to search out her friends."

"Is there any hurry, Aubrey?" pleaded Reuel, anxiously.

"Why not wait until her memory returns; it will not be long, I believe, although she may still be liable to the trances."

"We'll put off the evil day to any date you may name, Briggs; for my part, I would preserve her incognito indefinitely."

Reuel made no reply. Livingston was not sure that he heard him.

## CHAPTER V.

The world scarcely estimates the service rendered by those who have unlocked the gates of sensation by the revelations of science; and yet it is to the clear perception of things which we obtain by the study of nature's laws that we are enabled to appreciate her varied gifts. The scientific journals of the next month contained wonderful and *wondering* (?) accounts of the now celebrated case,—re-animation after seeming death. Reuel's lucky star was in the ascendant; fame and fortune awaited him; he had but to grasp them. Classmates who had once ingored him now sought familiar association, or else gazed upon him with awe and reverence. "How did he do it?"

was the query in each man's mind, and then came a stampede for all scientific matter bearing upon animal magnetism.

How often do we look in wonder at the course of other men's lives, whose paths have diverged so widely from the beaten track of our own, that, unable to comprehend the one spring upon which, perhaps, the whole secret of the diversity hinged, we have been fain to content ourselves with summing up our judgment in the common phrase, "Well, it's very strange; what odd people there are in the world. to be sure!"

Many times this trite sentence was uttered during the next few months, generally terminating every debate among medical students in various colleges.

Unmindful of his growing popularity, Reuel devoted every moment of his spare time to close study of his patient. Although but a youth, the scientist might have passed for any age under fifty, and life for him seemed to have taken on a purely mechanical aspect since he had become first in this great cause. Under pretended indifference to public criticism, throbbed a heart of gold, sensitive to a fault; desiring above all else the well-being of all humanity; his faithfulness to those who suffered amounted to complete self-sacrifice. Absolutely free from the vices which beset most young men of his age and profession, his daily life was a white, unsullied page to the friend admitted to unrestricted intercourse, and gave an irresistible impetus to that friendship, for Livingston could not but admire the newly developed depths of nobility which he now saw unfolding day by day in Reuel's character. Nor was Livingston far behind the latter in his interest in all that affected Dianthe. Enthused by its scientific aspect, he vied with Reuel in close attention to the medical side of the case, and being more worldly did not neglect the material side.

He secretly sought out and obtained the address of the manager of the jubi-



lee singers and to his surprise received the information that Miss Lusk had left the troupe to enter the service of a traveling magnetic physician—a woman—for a large salary. They (the troupe) were now in Europe and had heard nothing of Miss Lusk since.

After receiving this information by cable, Livingston sat a long time smoking and thinking: people often disappeared in a great city, and the police would undoubtedly find the magnetic physician if he applied to them. Of course that was the sensible thing to do, but then the publicity, and he hated that for the girl's sake. Finally he decided to compromise the matter by employing a detective. With him to decide that it was expedient to do a certain thing was the same as to act; before night the case was in the hands of an expert detective who received a goodly retainer. Two weeks from that day—it was December twenty-fourth—before he left his boarding place, the detective was announced. He had found the woman in a small town near Chicago. She said that she had no knowledge of Miss Lusk's whereabouts. Dianthe had remained with her three weeks, and at the end of that time had mysteriously disappeared; she had not heard of her since.

Livingston secured the woman's name and address, gave the man a second check together with an admonition to keep silence concerning Miss Lusk. That closed the episode. But of his observations and discoveries, Aubrey said nothing, noting every phase of this strange happening in silence.

Strangely enough, none of the men that had admired the colored artist who had enthralled their senses by her wonderful singing a few weeks before, recognized her in the hospital waif consecrated to the service of science. Her incognito was complete.

The patient was now allowed the freedom of the corridors for exercise, and

was about her room during the day. The returns of the trance-state were growing less regular, although she frequently fell into convulsions, thereby enduring much suffering, sometimes lying for hours in a torpid state. Livingston had never happened to be present on these occasions, but he had heard of them from eye-witnesses. One day he entered the room while one was occurring. His entrance was unnoticed as he approached lightly over the uncarpeted floor, and stood transfixed by the scene before him.

Dianthe stood upright, with closed eyes, in the middle of the room. Only the movement of her bosom betrayed breath. The other occupants of the room preserved a solemn silence. She addressed Reuel, whose outstretched arms were extended as if in blessing over her head.

"Oh! Dearest friend! hasten to cure me of my sufferings. Did you not promise at that last meeting? You said to me, 'You are in trouble and I can help you.' And I answered, 'The time is not yet.' Is it not so?"

"Yes," replied Reuel. "Patience a while longer; all will be well with you."

"Give me the benefit of your powerful will," she continued. "I know much but as yet have not the power to express it: I see much clearly, much dimly, of the powers and influences behind the Veil, and yet I cannot name them. Some time the full power will be mine; and mine shall be thine. In seven months the sick will be restored—she will awake to worldly cares once more." Her voice ceased; she sank upon the cot in a recumbent position. Her face was pale; she appeared to sleep. Fifteen minutes passed in death-like stillness, then she extended her arms, stretched, yawned, rubbed her eyes—awoke.

Livingston listened and looked in a trance of delight, his keen artistic sense fully aroused and appreciative, feeling the glamour of her presence and ethereal beauty like a man poring over a poem

that he has unexpectedly stumbled upon, losing himself in it, until it becomes, as it were, a part of himself. He felt as he watched her that he was doing a foolish thing in thus exposing himself to temptation while his honor and faith were pledged to another. But then, foolishness is so much better than wisdom, particularly to a man in certain stages of life. And then he fell to questioning if there could be temptation for him through this girl—he laughed at the thought and the next instant dismay covered him with confusion, for like a flash he realized that the mischief was already done.

As we have already hinted, Aubrey was no saint; he knew that fickleness was in his blood; he had never denied himself anything that he wanted very much in his whole life. Would he grow to want this beautiful woman very much? Time would tell.

\* \* \* \*

It was Christmas-time—a good, sensible seasonable day before Christmas, with frost and ice in abundance, and a clear, bright, wintry sky above. Boston was very full of people—mostly suburban visitors—who were rushing here and there bent on emptying their purses on the least provocation. Good-nature prevailed among the pedestrians; one poor wretch stood shivering, with blue, wan face, on the edge of the sidewalk, his sightless eyes staring straight before him, trying to draw a tune from a consumptive violin—the embodiment of despair. He was, after all, in the minority, to judge by the hundreds of comfortably-clad forms that hurried past him, breathing an atmosphere of peace and prosperity.

Tomorrow the church bells would ring out tidings that another Christmas was born, bidding all rejoice.

This evening, at six o'clock, the two friends went to dine in a hotel in a fashionable quarter. They were due to spend the night and Christmas day at the Vance house. As they walked swiftly along

with the elastic tread of youth, they simultaneously halted before the blind musician and pressed into his trembling hand a bountiful gift; then they hurried away to escape his thanks.

At the hotel Livingston called for a private dining room, and after the coffee was served, he said:

"Tell me, Briggs, what is the link between you and your patient. There is a link, I am sure. Her words while in the trance made a great impression upon me."

There was a pause before Reuel replied in a low tone, as he rested his arm on the opposite side of the table and propped his head up on his hand:

"Forgive me, Aubrey!"

"For what?"

"This playing with your confidence. I have not been entirely frank with you."

"Oh, well! you are not bound to tell me everything you know. You surely have the right to silence about your affairs, if you think best."

"Listen, Aubrey. I should like to tell you all about it. I would feel better. What you say is true; there is a link; but I never saw her in the flesh before that night at the Temple. With all our knowledge, Aubrey, we are but barbarians in our ideas of the beginning, interim and end of our creation. Why were we created? for whose benefit? can anyone answer that satisfactorily?"

"Few things are hidden from the man who devotes himself earnestly and seriously to the solution of a mystery," Hawthorne tells us," replied Aubrey. "Have not you proved this, Reuel?"

"Well, yes—or, we prove rather, that our solution but deepens the mystery or mysteries. I have surely proved the last. Aubrey, I look natural, don't I? There is nothing about me that seems wrong?"

"Wrong! No."

"Well, if I tell you the truth you will call me a lunatic. You have heard of people being haunted by hallucinations?"

Aubrey nodded. "I am one of those persons. Seven weeks ago I saw Dianthe first, but not in the flesh. Hallow-eve I spoke to her in the garden of the haunted house, but not in the flesh. I thought it strange to be sure, that this face should lurk in my mind so much of the time; but I never dreamed what a crisis it was leading up to. The French and German schools of philosophy have taught us that going to places and familiar passages in books, of which we have had no previous knowledge, is but a proof of Plato's doctrine—the soul's transmigration, and reflections from the invisible world surrounding us.

"Finally a mad desire seized me to find that face a living reality that I might love and worship it. Then I saw her at the Temple—I found her at the hospital—in the flesh! My desire was realized."

"And having found her, what then?" He waited breathlessly for the reply.

"I am mightily pleased and satisfied. I will cure her. She is charming; and if it is insanity to be in love with her, I don't care to be sane."

Livingston did not reply at once. His face was like marble in its impassiveness. The other's soft tremulous tones, fearless yet moist eyes and broken sentences, appeared to awaken no response in his breast. Instead, a far-off gleam came into his blue eyes. At last he broke the silence with the words:

"You name it well; it is insanity indeed, for you to love this woman."

"Why?" asked his friend, constrainedly.

"Because it is not for the best."

"For her or me?"

"Oh, for *her* ——!" he finished the sentence with an expressive gesture.

"I understand you, Aubrey. I should not have believed it of you. If it were one of the other fellows; but you are generally so charitable."

"You forget your own words: 'Tramps, stray dogs and Negroes ——,' " he

quoted significantly. "Then there is your professional career to be considered,—you mean honorable, do you not? —— How can you succeed if it be hinted abroad that you are married to a Negress?"

"I have thought of all that. I am determined. I will marry her in spite of hell itself! Marry her before she awakens to consciousness of her identity. I'm not unselfish; I don't pretend to be. There is no sin in taking her out of the sphere where she was born. God and science helping me, I will give her life and love and wifeness and maternity and perfect health. God, Aubrey! you, with all you have had of life's sweetness, petted idol of a beautiful world, you who will soon feel the heart-beats of your wife against your breast when lovely Molly is eternally bound to you, what do you know of a lonely, darkened life like mine? I have not the manner nor the charm which wins women. Men like me get love from them which is half akin to pity, when they get anything at all. It is but the shadow. This is my opportunity for happiness; I seize it. Fate has linked us together and no man and no man's laws shall part us."

Livingston sipped his wine quietly, intently watching Reuel's face. Now he leaned across the table and stretched out his hand to Briggs; his eyes looked full into his. As their hands met in a close clasp, he whispered a sentence across the board. Reuel started, uttered an exclamation and flushed slowly a dark, dull red.

"How—where—how did you know it?" he stammered.

"I have known it since first we met; but the secret is safe with me."

## CHAPTER VI.

The scene which met the gaze when an hour later the young men were ushered into the long drawing-room of the Vance house was one well-calculated to remove all gloomy, pessimistic reasoning.

Warmth, gaiety, pretty women, luxury,—all sent the blood leaping through the veins in delightful anticipation.

Their entrance was greeted by a shout of welcome.

"Oh, Aubrey! I am so glad you are come," cried Molly from the far end of the room. "Fancy tomorrow being Christmas! Shall we be ready for all that company tomorrow night and the ball-room, dining room and hall yet to be trimmed? Is it possible to be ready?"

"Not if we stand dawdling in idle talk." This from "Adonis," who was stretched full length on the sitting-room sofa, with a cigarette between his lips, his hands under his handsome head, surrounded by a bevy of pretty, chattering girls, prominent among whom was Cora Scott, who aided and abetted Charlie in every piece of mischief.

Molly curled her lip but deigned no reply.

Bert Smith, from a corner of the room where he was about ascending a step-ladder, flung a book heavily at Adonis's lazy figure.

"Don't confuse your verbs," exclaimed Aubrey. "How can you stand when you are lying down, and were you ever known to do anything else but dawdle, Adonis—eh?"

"I give it up," said Charlie, sleepily, kicking the book off the sofa.

"Is this an amateur grocery shop, may I ask, Miss Vance?" continued Aubrey as he and Briggs made their way to their hostess through an avalanche of parcels and baskets strewn on the tables and the floor.

Molly laughed as she greeted them. "No wonder you are surprised. I am superintending the arrangement of my poor people's gifts," she explained. "They must all be sent out tonight. I don't know what I should have done without all these good people to help me. But there are *piles* to be done yet. There is the

tree, the charades, etc., etc.," she continued, in a plaintive little voice.

"More particularly cetra, cetra," said Aubrey from Bert's corner where he had gone to help along the good works of placing holly wreaths.

"Oh, you, Aubrey—stop being a magpie." Aubrey and Molly were very matter of fact lovers.

"Molly," again broke in Charlie, "suppose the box from Pierson's has never come, won't you be up a tree?" and the speaker opened his handsome eyes wide, and shook off his cigarette-ash.

Molly maintained a dignified silence toward her brother. The firelight danced and dwelt upon her lovingly. She was so pretty, so fair, so slender, so graceful. Now in her gray plush tea-gown, with her hair piled picturesquely on the top of her small head, and fixed there with a big tortoise-shell pin, it would have been difficult to find a more delightful object for the gaze to rest upon.

"We shall have to fall back upon the wardrobes," she said at length. "You are a horrid wet-blanket, Charlie! I am sure I —"

Her remarks were cut short as the door opened, and with laughter and shouting a bevy of young people who had been at work in another part of the house rushed in. "It is come; it's all right; don't worry, Molly!" they sang in chorus.

"Do be quiet all of you; one can hardly hear oneself speak!"

The box from the costumer's had arrived; the great costume party was saved; in short, excitement and bustle were in full swing at Vance Hall as it had been at Christmas-time since the young people could remember.

Adonis lifted himself from the sofa and proposed to open the box of dresses at once, and try them on.

"Charlie, you are a brick!—the very thing!"

"Oh! yes, yes; let us try them on!"

Molly broke through the eager voices:



"And we have not done the ball-room yet!" she said reproachfully.

"Oh! bother the ball-room!" declared Adonis, now thoroughly aroused. "We have all night. We can't do better than to don our finery."

Molly sat down with an air of resigned patience. "I promised Mr. Pierson," she observed quietly, "that the box should not be touched until he was here to superintend matters."

"Oh, Pierson be blowed!" elegantly observed her brother. But Reuel Briggs suddenly dropped his work, walked over, and sided with Molly.

"You are quite right, Miss Molly; and you Charlie and Aubrey and the rest of you men, if you want to open the box to-night you must first decorate the ball-room. Business before pleasure."

"Saved!—saved! See my brave, true knight defends his lady fair." Molly danced, practising the step she was about to astonish the company with on Christmas-night. "I think I am what the Scotch call 'fev,'" she laughed. "I don't know why I feel so awfully jolly tonight. I could positively fly from sheer excitement and delight."

"Don't you know why?" observed Cora. "I will tell you. It is because this is your last Christmas as Molly Vance; next year——"

"Ah, do not!" interrupted Molly, quickly. "Who knows what a year may bring forth. Is it not so, Dr. Briggs?" she turned appealingly to Reuel.

"Grief follows joy as clouds the sunlight. 'Woe! woe! each heart must bleed, must break,'" was his secret thought as he bowed gravely. But on his face was a look of startled perplexity, for suddenly as she spoke to him it appeared that a dark veil settled like a pall over the laughing face at his side. He shivered.

"What's the matter, Briggs?" called out Adonis. They had reached the ball-room and were standing over the piles of holly and evergreen, ready for an onslaught on the walls.

"Don't be surprised if Briggs acts strangely," continued Charlie. "It is in order for him to whoop it up in the spirit line."

"Why, Charlie! What do you mean?" questioned Molly with an anxious glance at Reuel.

"Anything interesting, Charlie?" called out a jolly girl across the room.

"Briggs is our 'show' man. Haven't you heard, girls, what a celebrity is with you tonight? Briggs is a philosopher—mesmerism is his specialty. Say, old man, give the company a specimen of your infernal art, can't you? He goes the whole hog, girls; can even raise the dead."

"Let up, Charlie," said Aubrey in a low tone. "It's no joking matter."

There were screams and exclamations from the girls. With reckless gaiety Adonis continued,

"What is to be the outcome of the great furore you have created, Briggs?"

"Nothing of moment, I hope," smiled Reuel, good-naturedly. "I have been simply an instrument; I leave results to the good angels who direct events. What does Longfellow say about the arrow and the song?"

'Long, long afterwards, in an oak  
I found the arrow still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found in the heart of a friend.'

May it be so with my feeble efforts."

"But circumstances alter cases. In this case, the 'arrow' is a girl and a devilish handsome one, too; and the 'air' is the whole scientific world. Your philosophy and mysticism gave way before Beauty. Argument is a stubborn man's castle, but the heart is still unconvinced."

"I mixed those children up, and not a creature knew it," hummed Bert Smith. "Your ideas are mixed, Don; stick to the ladies, you understand girls and horseflesh; philosophy isn't in your line."

"Oh, sure!" said Adonis unruffled by his friend's words.

"Charlie Vance," said Molly severely, "if we have any more *swearing* from you to night, you leave the room until you learn to practice good manners. I'm surprised at your language!"

"Just the same, Briggs is a fraud. I shall keep my eye on him. It's a case of beauty and the beast. Oh," he continued in malicious glee, "wouldn't you girls turn green with envy, every man jack of you, if you could see the beauty!"

Thereupon the girls fell to pelting him with holly wreaths and evergreen festoons, much to the enjoyment of Mr. Vance, who had entered unperceived in the general melee.

"What is it all about, Dr. Briggs?" asked Molly in a low voice.

"It is the case of a patient who was in a mesmeric sleep and I was fortunate enough to awaken her. She is a waif; and it will be months before she will be well and strong, poor girl."

"Do you make a study of mesmerism, Doctor?" asked Mr. Vance from his arm-chair by the glowing fire.

"Yes sir; and a wonderful science it is." Before Mr. Vance could continue, Livingston said: "If you folks will be still for about ten minutes, I'll tell you what happened in my father's house when I was a very small boy; I can just remember it."

"If it's a ghost story, make it strong, Aubrey, so that not a girl will sleep to-night. Won't the dears look pretty blinking and yawning tomorrow night? We'll hear 'em, fellows, in the small hours of the morning, 'Molly, Molly! I'm so frightened. I do believe someone is in my room; may I come in with you, dear?'"

"Charlie, stop your nonsense," laughed his father, and Adonis obediently subsided.

"My father was Dr. Aubrey Livingston too," began Aubrey, "and he owned a large plantation of slaves. My father was

deeply interested in the science of medicine, and I believe made some valuable discoveries along the line of mesmeric phenomena, for some two or three of his books are referred to even at this advanced stage of discovery, as marvellous in some of their data.

"Among the slaves was a girl who was my mother's waiting maid, and I have seen my father throw her into a trance-state many times when I was so small that I had no conception of what he was doing.

"Many a time I have known him to call her into the parlor to perform tricks of mind-reading for the amusement of visitors, and many wonderful things were done by her as the record given in his books shows.

"One day there was a great dinner-party given at our place, and the élite of the county were bidden. It was about two years before the civil war, and our people were not expecting war; thinking that all unpleasantness must end in their favor, they gave little heed to the ominous rumble of public opinion that was arising at the North, but went on their way in all their pride of position and wealth without a care for the future.

"Child as I was I was impressed by the beauty and wit of the women and the chivalric bearing of the men gathered about my father's hospitable board on that memorable day. When the feasting and mirth began to lag, someone called for Mira—the maid—and my father sent for her to come and amuse the guests.

"My father made the necessary passes and from a serious, rather sad Negress, very mild with everyone, Mira changed to a gay, noisy, restless woman, full of irony and sharp jesting. In this case this peculiar metamorphosis always occurred. Nothing could be more curious than to see her and hear her. 'Tell the company what you see, Mira,' commanded my father.

"You will not like it, captain; but if I

must, I must. All the women will be widows and the men shall sleep in early graves. They come from the north, from the east, from the west, they sweep to the gulf through a trail of blood. Your houses shall burn, your fields be laid waste, and a down-trodden race shall rule in your land. For you, captain, a prison cell and a pauper's grave."

The dinner-party broke up in a panic, and from that time my father could not abide the girl. He finally sold her just a few months before the secession of the Confederate States, and that was the last we ever knew of her."

"And did the prophecy come true about your father?" asked Mr. Vance.

"Too true, sir; my father died while held as a prisoner of war, in Boston Harbor. And every woman at the table was left a widow. There is only too much truth in science of mesmeric phenomena. The world is a wonderful place."

"Wonderful!" declared his hearers.

"I am thinking of that poor, pretty creature lying ill in that gloomy hospital without a friend. Men are selfish! I tell you what, folks, tomorrow after lunch we'll make a Christmas visit to the patients, and carry them fruit and flowers. As for your beautiful patient, Dr. Briggs, she shall not be friendless any longer, she

shall come to us at Vance Hall."

"Molly!" broke simultaneously from Aubrey and Charlie.

"Oh, I mean it. There is plenty of room in this great house, and here she shall remain until she is restored to health."

Expostulation was in vain. The petted heiress was determined, and when Mr. Vance was appealed to he laughed and said, as he patted her hand:

"The queen must have her own."

At length the costumer's box was opened amidst jest, song and laughter. The characters were distributed by the wilful Molly. Thus attired, to the music of Tannhauser's march, played by one of the girls on the piano, the gay crowd marched and counter-marched about the spacious room.

In the early morning hours, Aubrey Livingston slept and dreamed of Dianthe Lusk, and these words haunted his sleep and lingered with him when he woke:

"She had the glory of heaven in her voice, and in her face the fatal beauty of man's terrible sins."

Aubrey Livingston knew that he was as hopelessly lost as was Adam when he sold his heavenly birthright for a woman's smile.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE TEST OF MANHOOD.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

The shed door creaked softly, and Mark Myers stood for a moment peering into the semi-darkness of the twilight. He was a stalwart lad of about eighteen, with soft dark curls, big dark eyes, and the peach-like complexion of a girl, but he was only a Negro, what the colored people designate as "milk an' molasses, honey; neither one thing nor t'other,"

and he was leaving his home to try his fortune at the North.

One day Mark had carried a white gentleman's bag to the steamboat landing and as he loitered about the pier after pocketing a generous fee, the words of the patron in conversation with another white man sank in his heart:

"After all this wasted blood and trea-

sure, the Negro question is still uppermost in the South. Why don't you settle it once and for all, Morgan?"

"We might were it not for the infernal interference of you Yankees, and amalgamation. The mulattoes are the curse of the South. We can't entirely ignore our brothers' cousins and closer kindred, so there you are.

"Your 'brothers and closer kindred' could settle the question themselves if they knew their power."

"How?" queried Morgan.

"Easily enough; when the white blood is pronounced enough, just disappear and turn up again as a white man. Half of your sectional difficulties would end under such a system."

"And would you—a white man—be willing to encounter the risk that such a course would entail—the wholesale pollution of our race?" thundered the man called Morgan, in disgust.

"Why not? You know the old saw, —Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. Better that than a greater evil."

"You Northerners are a riddle—"

They passed out of sight and Mark heard no more, but from that time he had thought incessantly of the stranger's words, and at last he resolved to become a white man. And one night when his mother lay peacefully sleeping, with no foreshadowing of the sorrow in store for her, with a backward look of regret and a tear stealing down his cheek, he had stolen softly from the little cabin under the wide spreading magnolia. At the top of the hill he paused for a last look and then turned his face sorrowfully toward the great unknown world, henceforth to be his only home. The day broke; the sun rose; there was a stir of life all about him. How sweet the air smelled; surely there could be no prettier mornings up in the wonderful North to which he was journeying.

As he trudged along with his small bundle over his shoulder he murmured to

himself: "Mammy's up now, but she won't miss me yet. I'm glad I chopped all that wood yesterday. It ought ter last her a week an' better. The white folks all think the world of her. They'll take keer on her tell I git settled; then I'll write and tell her all about my plans."

He avoided the main roads and kept to the fields, thus keeping clear of all chance acquaintances who might interfere with his determination to identify himself with the white race.

The weary time passed on; days were merged into weeks, when one morning, tired and fainting with hunger, Mark found himself in the street of a great Northern metropolis, homeless and nearly penniless. He walked through the thoroughfares with the puzzled uncertainty of a stranger doubtful of his route, pausing at intervals to study the signs, feeling his heart sink as he watched the hurrying throng of unfamiliar faces. The scene was so different from his beautiful southern home that in his heart he cried aloud for the dear familiar scenes. Then he remembered and took up his weary tramp again and his search for a friendly face that he might venture to accost the owner for work. Night was approaching and he must have a place to sleep. As he neared the common, and its tranquil, inviting greenness burst upon his view, he determined that if nothing better presented itself, to pass the night there under the canopy of heaven.

As he neared Tremont street a gentleman passed him, evidently in a great hurry; scarcely had his resounding footsteps ceased upon the concrete walk, when Mark noticed a pocket-book lying directly at his feet. He picked it up, opened it and saw that it was filled with bills of large denominations. "John E. Brown" was printed in gold letters upon one of the compartments.

Mark stood a second hesitating as to the right course to pursue; here was wealth—money for food, shelter, clothes—he



sighed as he thought of what it would give him. But only for a moment, the next he was rushing along the wide mall at his utmost speed trying to overtake the gentleman whom he could just discern making his hurried way through the throng of pedestrians.

At the corner of Summer and Washington streets, Mark, breathless and hatless, caught up with the gentleman.

"Eh, what? My pocket-book?" ejaculated Mr. Brown, as he felt in all his pockets, and looked down curiously upon the forlorn figure that had tugged so resolutely at his arm to attract his attention.

"Now that was clever of you and very honest, my boy," said the great lawyer, gazing at him over his gold-rimmed spectacles. Here's something for you," and he placed a bill in the lad's hand that fairly made the dark eyes bulge with surprise. "From the country, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Honesty doesn't flourish in city air. Well, I haven't time to talk to you today. Come and see me tomorrow at my office; perhaps I can help you. Want a job don't you?"

"Yes, sir; I'm a stranger in Boston."

"Come and see me, come and see me. I'll talk with you. Good-day."

The lawyer went on his way. In one brief moment the world to Mark seemed spinning around. His breath came in quick struggling gasps, while wild possibilities surged through his brain, when he read the card in his hand which was that of a firm of lawyers whom he had often heard spoken of even in his far-off home.

The next morning Mark presented himself at the office and was kindly received by Mr. Brown. The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot. "A good face," he thought, "and pleasant way." Then he noted the neat, cheap suit, the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which Mark answered briefly.

"What can you do?"

"Plow, make a garden an'—an' read and write," dropping his voice over the two last accomplishments.

The lawyer laughed heartily.

"What's your name?"

"Mark Myers, sir."

"Well, Mark, I like your face, and your manner, too, my lad, and although its contrary to my way of doing—taking a boy without a reference—because of your honesty you may set in as a porter and messenger here, if you've a mind to try the job; we want a boy just now, so you see you have struck it just right for yourself and me, too."

"If you are willing to take me, sir, just as you find me, I will do my best to please you," answered Mark, controlling his voice with an effort.

"Well, then, we'll consider it a bargain. I'll pay you what you are worth."

As Mark stepped across the threshold of the inner office and hung up his hat and coat he felt himself transformed. He was no longer a Negro! Henceforth he would be a white man in very truth. After all his plans, the metamorphosis had been accomplished by Fate. For the first time he seemed to live—to feel.

That night, he sat motionless beside the open window of the garret where he had found a lodging and planned his future.

"Oh, mammy," he cried at last, "if you knew you would forgive me. Some day you shall be rich—" He broke off suddenly and dropped his head in his hands. Did he mean this, he asked himself in stern self-searching. His mother could not be mistaken for a white woman—her skin was light, but her hair and features were those of a Negress. He shuddered at the gulf he saw yawning between them. Nothing could bridge it. From now on she should no more exist—as his mother—for he had buried his old self that morning, and packed the earth hard above the coffin.

As the months went by a curious

change came to the lad. This new life—this masquerade, so to speak, had become second nature. He looked at life from a white man's standpoint, and had assumed all of the prejudices and principles of the dominant race. Out of the careless boy had come a wary, taciturn man. He availed himself of the exceptional school privileges offered by night study in Boston, and improved rapidly. One morning, Mr. Brown came to Mark with good news. He had promoted him from porter to clerk, with a corresponding increase in his salary.

That night, Mark dreamed he was at home with his mother. He felt the loving touch of her toil-worn dusky hands, and heard the caressing tones of her voice in its soft Southern dialect. Ah! there had been such infinite peace in the old, careless, happy life he had led there. Pictures came and went before his mental vision with startling distinctness. He saw the modest log-cabin, the sweet-scented magnolia-tree, the cotton fields, the sweeping long, gray moss hanging from the trees, the smell of the pines; he heard the cow-bells in the cane-brake, the hum of bees, and the sweet notes of the mocking-bird. He closed his eyes and could see the boys and girls dancing the old "Virginia reel."

"Dar's 'Jinny Put de Kittle On,' an' 'Shoo! Miss Pijie, Shoo!'  
An' den 'King William Was King George's Son,'  
'Blin' Man's Bluff,' an' 'Gimme Korner'; also  
'Walk de Lonesum Road,'  
'Whar de pint wuz gittin kisses—shorz yo' born,  
De gals wuz dressed in hum'spun, long wid dar brogan shoes,  
An' ef dar feet would tech yo,' you would feel,  
'Do' de boys wore bed-tuck breeches, dese trifles wuz forgot,  
While 'joyin' ub de ol' Virginnny reel."

After that night he resolutely put by such thoughts; all his associates were white, and his life was irrevocably blended with the class far above the

humble blacks. Months rounded into years. At the end of five years, Mark was on the road to wealth. He had studied law and passed the Bar. A fortunate speculation in Western land was the motive power that placed ten thousand dollars in his pocket.

"So unexpected a windfall might have ruined some men," Mr. Brown confided to his partner as they smoked an after dinner cigar at Parker's, "but no fear for Mark. His is an old head on young shoulders. He's bound to be a power in the country before he dies."

"How about a 'Co.,' Brown? ever thought of it in connection with the firm? We aren't growing any younger. What do you think of it?"

"Just the thing, Clark, Co. it is; and Myers is the man."

\* \* \* \* \*

The winter had set in early that year. Snow covered the ground from the first of December. The air was biting cold. The music of sleigh-bells mingled with the voices of children playing in the streets. There was good skating on the frog pond and the Public Garden, where the merry skaters glided to and fro in graceful circles laughing and jesting merrily.

Down in the quarter where the colored people lived, Aunt Cloty sat most of the day looking drearily through the rusted iron railings of the area in a hopeless watch for a footstep that never came. Old, wrinkled, rheumatic, the patient face, and subdued air of the mulattress awakened sad feelings in the hearts of those who knew her story.

She had come North five years before searching for her son. At first she had been able to live in a humble way from her work as a laundress, but when sickness and old age laid their hands upon her, she had succumbed to the inevitable and subsisted upon the charity of the well-to-do among her neighbors, who had something to spare for a companion in

poverty. After a time her case had come under the notice of the associated charities. At first it was determined to place the helpless creature in an institution where she could have constant attention, but her prayers and tears not to be "kyarted to de po'-house," had stirred the pity of the officials and at length the attention of Lawyer Brown's daughter Katherine had been directed to Aunt Cloty as a worthy object of charity. Miss Brown was delighted with the quaintness of the old Negress and her tender heart overflowed with pity for her woes, and so the helpless woman became a welcome charge upon the purse of the petted favorite of fortune. Since that time better days had dawned for Aunt Cloty.

The wealthy girl and the old mulattress grew to be great friends. Every week found Katherine visiting her protege, sitting in the tiny room, listening eagerly to her tales of the sunny South.

Aunt Cloty's turban always seemed the insignia of her rank and proud pretensions, for she declared there was "good blood" in her veins, and her majestic bearing testified to the truth of her words. When Cloty felt particularly humble, she laid the turban in flat folds on her head. In her character of a laundress, it was mounted a little higher. But when she received visitors, or called an enemy to account, the red flag of defiance towered aloft in wonderful proportion. So "Misse Katherine" could always read the signs of her protege's feelings in the build of the red turban.

Christmas week the turban lay in flat folds and Cloty mourned aloud.

"He mus' be daid. 'Deed, chile, he mus' be daid or he'd neber leave his ol' mammy to suffer," she cried as she rocked her frail body in the old wooden rocker. "Misse Katherine" sat patiently listening.

"You see, Misse, Sonny's da onlies' chile what I ebber had. De good Lawd sont him to me lak He done Isaac to Sary,

in my ole age, an' sence de night he runned off I aint seed nuffin' but trouble. All dat fust ye'r I was spectin' him back again, an' when de win moan roun' my cabin endurin' o' de night, it seemed lak I hear him callin' fer me, an' I git up an open de do' ter listen, but it waz dark an' lonesome an' he wuzn't dar. So, at las' Marse Will, he sez ter me (Marse Will's one o' my white fokes, whar I dunn nurse for two ginerations, an' he call me mammy same as Sonny do,—so Marse Will be sez to me, 'Mammy, Sonny's daid, or else he'd a written you whar he was. Sonny is allers been a good boy, an' he wouldn't act no sech way as this to you ef he was livin.' Yes, Misse, dat's what Marse Will, he tell me, an' it suttinly did seem reasonable, but somehow I can't b'lieve it." She paused, and opening an old carpet-sack always laid by her chair on the floor, drew from it a package. "Dis here is his leetle red waist an' de fus' par' o' britches he ebber wo'," she continued, displaying them to the young white girl with pride. "I fotch um Norf wif me kaze dey keeps me company up here ail alone."

Misse Katherine's swimming eyes attested her sympathy.

"He wuz de pertes' youngster," continued the old woman, with an upward tilt of her turbaned head, "an' de day he put dese on he strut, Misse, same as er peafowil."

"Aunt Cloty, I've told my father of your son and he's going to institute a search for him. If he's alive he'll find him for you, rest assured of that."

"Gord bless you, 'honey; Gord bless you. A big gentleman like de judge, your pa 'll surely fin' him, fer I b'lieve Sonny's alive somedhere. Does I wantter see him?" and the woman's faded eyes held a joyous sparkle. "Does I wantter see him? why honey," coming close to the girl and unconsciously grasping her arm, "ef he was in prison, an' I couldn' git

ter him no urther way, I'd be willin' to crawl on my hands and knees ez fur agin ez I done come to git up Norf, jes' fur one look at him." For a moment she looked about her as though dazed, then some over-strained chord seemed to snap, and burying her face in her apron she sobbed aloud.

"Now, Aunt, don't," and the impulsive heiress threw her soft arms about the forlorn figure and kissed the wrinkled face. "Tomorrow is Christmas-eve, and I am coming for you early in the day to take you home. You are to live with me always after that, and if we don't find Sonny, you shall never want while I live."

"I s hearn twell of fokes cryin' kase dey's happy, but I aint neber done it twell now. Ef I kin jes fin' Sonny I'll be de happies' old woman in de whole wurl."

And so it came about that Aunt Cloty was domiciled in the home of Judge Brown.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas-eve in a great city is a wonderful sight. The principal streets were in grand illumination. The shop windows were all ablaze, and through them came the vivid coloring of holiday gifts, tinting the coldness with an idea of warmth. It was a joyous pleasant scene; the pavements were thronged, and eager traffic was going on. A band of colored street musicians were passing from store to store stopping here and there to sing their peculiar songs to the accompaniment of guitars, banjos and bones. One trolled out in a powerful bass the notes of the old song:

"The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer the darkies are gay."

The familiar air fell upon the ears of a handsome dark-eyed man as he took his way leisurely through the throng. He paused a moment, dropped a coin in the

hat extended for contributions, laughed, and hastened on his way. Presently he hummed the strain he had just heard in a rich undertone. Then there floated through his mind the fragments of a poem he had read somewhere:

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;  
Hundreds of bees in sunny weather.

"Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;  
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;  
But only one mother the wide world over!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mark Myers as he pulled himself together and brushed aside unpleasant memories.

Katherine Brown had been walking restlessly up and down the great reception room. The sound of the bell reached her. She stopped a moment, held her breath and listened. She heard Mark's voice in the hall and knew that her lover had come.

The servants were moving about in the back room, so she closed the folding-doors, and hid the Christmas tree, and sat down demurely waiting for him to come in, as if she had not indulged in a thought about the matter until then; though her heart was beating so tumultuously that a tuft of flowers among the lace on her bosom fluttered as if a breeze passed over it. The dainty room was redolent with the perfumes from a basket of tea-roses, Japan lilies and japanicas that had been sent to the lovely girl as her first Christmas gift in the morning. Their fragrance pervaded the whole room, and it seemed that the fair owner moved through the calm of a tropical climate when she came forward to receive her guest; for that portion of her dress that swept the floor was rich with lace and summer-like in its texture, as if the blast of a storm could never reach her.

"My darling, you scarcely expected me, I am sure," said Myers coming forward



with hand extended and a world of love-light in his dark eyes: "but nothing would keep me from you tonight, foolish fellow that I am."

"I should never have forgiven you if you had not come," replied the girl with arched tenderness. "Why, sir, I have waited a half-hour already."

"Wondering what I should bring you for a Christmas gift?"

"No, no—not that," she answered, turning her eyes on the basket of flowers and blushing like a rose. "That came this morning, and I would let them put nothing else in this room, for your roses turned it into a little heaven of my own."

"They will perish in a day or two at best. But I have really brought you something that will keep its own as long as we two shall love each other."

"So long! Then it will be perfect to all eternity."

Mark grew serious. Something in her words struck him with a thought of death; a chill passed over him.

"God forbid that it should not remain so while you and I live, Katherine; for see, it is the engagement-ring I have brought you."

A flood of crimson rose to her face. The little hand held out for the ring quivered like a leaf. She held the star-like solitaire in her hand a moment gazing on it with reverence, scarcely conscious of its beauty. It might have been a lot of glass rather than a limpid diamond for anything she thought of the matter, she only felt how solemn and sacred a thing that jewel was.

"No, you must put it on first," she said, resting one hand softly on his breast, and holding the ring toward him. "I shall always love it better if taken from your own fingers."

Myers gazing down into her face, read all the solemn and beautiful thoughts that prompted the action, and his own sym-

pathetic nature was subdued by them into solemn harmony.

As he stood before her submitting one hand to her sweet will, he whispered: "And you are happy, my beloved?"

"Happy! Oh, Mark, if we could always be so, heaven would begin here with you. Nothing can part us now, we are irrevocably bound to each other forever. If only the whole world could be happy as we are tonight."

Her words jarred upon him an instant. His old mother's face rose before him as it had not done for years.

"Come," said Katherine, "let me show you the Christmas tree; they—papa and Aunt Cloty—are just finishing it."

As she spoke she threw wide the doors and in the midst of the glitter and dazzle he heard a voice scream out:

"Oh, my Gord! It's him! It's my boy! It's Sonny!"

Then panting excitedly, arms extended, the yellow face suffused with tenderness, Mark saw his mother standing before him.

After that scream came a deathly silence, Mark stood as if carved into stone. In an instant he saw his life in ruins, Katherine lost to him, chaos about the social fabric of his life. He could not do it. Then with a long breath he set his teeth and opened his lips to denounce her as crazy, but in that instant his eyes fell on her drawn face, and quivering lips. In another moment he saw his conduct of the past years in all its hideousness. Suddenly Judge Brown spoke.

"Mark, what is this? Have you nothing to say?"

He would not glance at Katherine. One look at her fair face would unman him. He turned slowly and faced Judge Brown and there was defiance in his look. All that was noble in his nature spoke at last.

Another instant his arms were about his fond old mother, while she sobbed her heart out on his breast.

## LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR, U. S. A.

### FULL EXPLANATIONS OF THE OBJECTS, PLANS AND METHODS OF OPERATION.

Z. W. MITCHELL.

On inspecting the work of our Correspondence Committee we find quite an interesting dialogue being carried on between many of the readers of the *COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE* and the office force of the Loyal Legion of Labor.

Miss F. Lincoln Fields, of Burlington, Kas., writes: "I have become interested in the Loyal Legion of Labor through the columns of the *COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, and would like to become a member. There is no organization in my section; can I become a member by mail? Do you object to any kind of religion?"

Answer. Any person may become a member of the Loyal Legion of Labor from any section by simply mailing to the Secretary of Finance, Akron, Ohio, their name, address and membership fee of One Dollar. In return, a Certificate of Membership in the General Council will be mailed without delay, and the name of the member recorded on the list for literature and general information.

All persons must first become General Council Members before they can become members of a Local Council. A member or even an officer of a Local Council is no more a member of the Loyal Legion of Labor, and is entitled to no more advantages, than any General Council Member. The DISTRICT COUNCILS merely serve as a medium for directing the forces of General Council Members where a sufficient number have joined in any locality to justify. There is no membership fee in the District Council rank. It is only a means of organizing an official head to our Race in any community. Through this means, by having our leaders united in a District so that they can keep in touch with all matters touching the vital interests of their people, and can act officially at the

opportune moment on any and all matters, with their own people standing in support of them, every interest of the Race can be protected as in no other possible way.

The work and spirit of the Loyal Legion of Labor is absolutely non-sectarian, and is in no way partial to any creed or denomination.

Many other letters have been received from readers of the *COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE* asking information on various phases of the work of the Loyal Legion of Labor and the Loyal Heart of the Legion. We find it is very hard for many of our people to realize that no organized effort can be made without its being based on plans and methods common to the old system, so universally recognized by our societies in their work of looking after the sick and burying the dead. The life and vital matters touching not only the present, but the future as well, involving the preservation of the rights and privileges of our people, the advancement of their industrial interests and their education in matters of life can be dealt with through organized effort—and through organized effort alone—is a thing hard to be realized by many of our readers. Yet these are the things for which the Loyal Legion of Labor exists.

The following questions and answers may serve to inform an interested public on matters pertaining to the organization and its work.

Q. Is the Loyal Legion of Labor a secret organization?

A. No. It is a business organization, a race work.

Q. Does the Loyal Legion of Labor propose to protect members of our race against those who are mobbing, lynching

and burning them at the stake, and against those who are taking from them their rights and privileges in defiance of that vouchsafed to them by the amendments to the Constitution of the United States?

A. It does.

Q. By what means?

A. By reducing its work in dealing with this particular phase to a strict business system, and by making a business of protecting them. To this end, one leading attorney of each state has been selected as a member of a National League Board. It will be the business of each of these men to make an earnest study of ways and means by which our people are being forced to relinquish their rights and map out a legal course of procedure, so prepared as to be practical in dealing with this particular phase. At the call of the Attorney General, these men will meet and prepare a course of legal procedure by which our people can be protected. Through the legal board of each District the combined influence of our people can be systematically directed in support of whatever course the National Board might propose. In this way we can direct the influences of our people against our common foe, and when its cases are prepared, to be carried to the highest courts of the Nation with a view of determining our rights as a people, they can and will be supported and pushed to a successful conclusion.

The Loyal Legion of Labor is so organized, that its combined influences can be concentrated to any point in protection of even its most humble member.

Q. What do you mean by the term educating your members on matters of life?

A. We mean to teach them how to make the best of life under whatever conditions placed and how to avoid the things that are bringing upon them the contempt and scorn of the world around. To illustrate, we find while studying con-

ditions in the South, thousands of our men who actually looked upon their right of franchise as being worth only what it would bring to them in dollars and cents or whiskey on election occasions. It will easily be seen that it is foolishness to try to protect them against those who would take from them their right of franchise without at the same time teaching them their sacred duty in the proper exercise of it. Again, we find throughout the North and South tens of thousands who actually believe that freedom means for them to do just as they please, and ruthlessly cast aside all restraints in their determination to exercise the right of freedom. If employed as competitors with others on the same scale of life, they forget the fact that there are hundreds ready to take their places if they but prove disloyal and incompetent. A brass band, picnic or an excursion will lead them by hundreds from their employers, regardless of what the needs of their employers may be, and if any restraint is attempted, they are quick to declare their rights as free men to do as they please. It can again be seen that it is foolishness to attempt to protect such people against the inevitable result of having others to take their places without at the same time teaching them the things that become absolutely necessary for them, to hold them. Again, tens of thousands of our people recognize no individual responsibility in the great race of life; they imagine that it is somebody's business to protect them in the exercise of their rights and privileges, and to look after their individual wants, passions and appetites make up the sum total of all for which they are to strive in life. By this class hundreds of thousands of dollars are squandered annually in superfluous dressing, entertaining and in running to and fro in search of pleasure, with no serious thought given to the fact that a most serious racial crisis confronts them in which are involved their rights and privileges,

the future of those who shall come after them and the respect and esteem of the world around. There can be no solution to the race problem until those we have referred to can be made to see life in a different light. They are to be taught to so conform themselves to the requirements and demands of civilization as to bring to them the esteem and confidence of those who today, on account of their erroneous ideas of life, are turning to them and our entire race, a cold shoulder, and look upon them with contempt and disgust. This can only be done through educational influences especially directed against these evils, and it is in this sense we use the term "Educate on matters of life."

Q. Is it the intention of the Loyal Legion of Labor to unite the members of our entire race in its labors?

A. It is. To this end the Supreme Royal Master has resigned a lucrative position as Principal of the School of Chillicothe, Ohio, to give his entire time to the work of spreading the organization. Already in the State of Ohio alone, nineteen counties have been quite thoroughly organized. As soon as thirty-two counties shall have been organized, a convention of all of the District Superintendents will be called and a ROYAL FATHER'S COUNCIL organized. Twenty-five of the leading men will be selected as Council men, who will serve the State in the same way that the District Council men serve a county. From this number nine officers will be elected who will compose a State Advisory Council. This Council will be divided into three practical boards of directors, the same as a District Council, through whom the work of dealing with every phase of the race question in the State will be taken up and prosecuted purely as a business enterprise. As soon as this is done a full report, illustrated with group portraits of Councils organized, together with cuts of prominent white men co-operating with the movement, will be published, together with a

full explanation of the plans, methods and general laws of the organization.

The work of systematically organizing each of these States will then be taken up, and the National organization, composed of representatives of each State, will be organized on the same plan and with the same duties to perform as the State Council.

Q. Can any person, feeling the need of organized effort as outlined by you, connect himself through mail with the movement and enter without delay in organizing the people of his community, and if so in what way?

A. Any man or woman interested in the work of bettering the condition of their race, and willing to do their part in working out the future of their people, can and should enter without delay in active participation in the work of the Loyal Legion of Labor. This can be done by sending their names and addresses to the Secretary of Finance, Akron, Ohio, accompanied with a One Dollar membership fee.

Authority will be given them to take up the work in their respective communities, and instructions will be freely provided, by which the work of organizing and directing the forces of their people can be carried on. In no way will it be possible for a person interested in himself or his race to do as much to advance the interest of his race as in this work.

One of the most substantial Councils of the Loyal Heart of the Legion found anywhere in the State was organized several months ago in Youngstown, Ohio. Many of the leading and most progressive women of the State are to be found in its ranks. The Council Members as shown in the group published elsewhere in this issue are: Mesdames B. M. Carson, Carrie Woods, Arelia Hall, G. M. Fagan, P. R. Berry, Mary Vactor, Angie Lucas, R. D. Lynch, Josephine Finney, C. B. Stewart, Richard Gray, R. B. Jackson, C. Lin-



coln, S. E. Strothers, M. Robinson, Mary Summers, Hannah Boggess, J. Jackson, E. M. Parker and Misses Geneva Clark, Lulu Ford, Minnie Boggess, Jennie Hicks, Louisa Leece, Lizzie Harris, Frances Clark, Jennie Tucker and Maude Gilmore.

Officers of Advisory Council are:

Royal Princess—Mrs. B. M. Carson.

Royal Matron—Mrs. Angie Lucas.

Vice Royal Matron—Mrs. Josephine Finney.

Royal Secretary—Mrs. Carrie Woods.

Keeper of Finance—Miss Lizzie Harris.

Secretary of Treasury—Mrs. R. D. Lynch.

Royal Prelate—Mrs. J. Jackson.

District Lecturer—Miss L. Leece.

District Organizer—Miss Frances Clark.

Through the Boards of Directors of this organization, a telling race work has and is being done by the noble women composing its membership.

General District Council of the Loyal Legion of Labor, Sandusky, Ohio.

Erie County can boast of some of the most influential citizens of color of any County of the State. Her colored population is small yet of the progressive and enterprising class, men and women thoroughly awake to the needs of the race

with hearts loyal and true to the best interests of their people. In this District a mixed Council has been organized composed of the most progressive, intelligent, loyal and responsible men and women of color of the entire District. In fact, but few remain out of the pales of our organization.

Officers of Advisory Council are:

Royal Father—James M. French.

Royal Master—James Davis.

Vice Royal Master—Moses Thompson.

Royal Secretary—Clara W. Dyson.

Royal Prelate—Rev. J. Montgomery.

Secretary of Treasury—Charles H. Jackson.

Master of Finance—George Taylor.

District Lecturer—Robert Davis.

District Organizer—Rev. Jos. Spells.

The Council Members selected for the District are: James M. French, Rev. J. Montgomery, Rev. Joseph Spells, S. A. Harvey, Charles H. Jackson, James Mullen, Moese Thompson, William H. Norris, Noah Taylor, Robert C. Davis, Owen B. Shackleford, Anna Drayton, Martha Gardner, Mrs. Anna Bray, James Davis, Mrs. James Davis, Clara W. Dyson, John McCroby, Henry Jordan, Alice Wallace, Mrs. Emma Rogers, Mrs. Henry Richards, Iona Scott and John Shadd.

The educational sessions of the District are held the fourth Sunday afternoon of each month.

## EDWARD FOWLER.

### DOORKEEPER OF THE READING-ROOM OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

EDWIN A. LEE.

Mr. Fowler was born a slave in Frederick County, Md., on January 1, 1833; Michael Reel, his "owner," died in 1847 and he was sold to Dr. Lewis M. Willis for one thousand dollars.

In 1858 the agitation of the slavery

question in Congress angered many of the slave "owners"; this caused them to use harsh measures with their slaves. Tiring of his master's treatment, Mr. Fowler, with others, was forced to seek freedom by the underground railway.

On finding that Fowler had fled, Dr. Willis posted a notice of which the following is a "*fac simile*":

## \$200 REWARD !

Ranaway from the subscriber, living at New Market, Frederick Co., Md., ON SATURDAY NIGHT, THE 8TH. OF MAY inst., a Negro Man, named **FRED. FOWLER**, aged about 26 years, five feet ten or eleven inches high, stout made, dark copper color, round full eye, upper teeth full and even, has a down look when spoken to, lisps slightly in his speech, and has small hands; no other marks recollected. Had on, when he left, a glazed cap, dark pants and coat and light-made shoes.

The above reward will be given for the arrest of said Negro, if taken out of the State or Maryland, and his delivery to the subscriber; or one hundred dollars, if taken in the State, and secured in jail.

**Dr. W. L. WILLIS.**

New Market, Md., May 10, 1858.

Fowler left Maryland on May 10, 1858, but did not reach Brandford, Ontario (his destination), until August 1st of that year. His reception at the house of his cousin, Richard Dorsey, was so cordial as to make him forget the perils and hardships of his tedious journey.

At Brandford he obtained work and there he had his first schooling; through lack of funds he was forced in a short time to leave school, but he had made good use of the opportunity afforded him.

From Brandford he went to Niagara Falls on the Canadian side and was employed as a waiter at the "Clifton

House"; while there the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Governor General of Canada, were guests at the hotel, and it was Fred's privilege to be their attendant.

He returned to the United States in August, 1863, in answer to the call for colored volunteers, and enlisted from Lockport, Niagara County, State of New York, on the 18th day of August, 1863, and was mustered into the service at Hartford, Conn., on the 19th of December, 1863, as a private of Company "E," "29" Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry State troops, Captain Henry C. Ward, to serve three years, or during the war.

During its organization the regiment was stationed at Fair Haven, Conn. It was formerly mustered into the service of the United States on the 8th day of March, 1864, and on March 20th left New Haven harbor on board the transport Warwick, a flat-bottomed boat, disembarking at Annapolis, Md., where it was supplied with the best Springfield rifles, and was assigned to the 9th Army Corps; moved then to Hilton Head and Beaufort, S. C., and to Bermuda Hundred, Va., being attached to the first Brigade, 2nd Division, 10th Army Corps, which relieved the 18th Corps in front of Petersburg on the 24th of August, the regiment remaining in the trenches until September 24th, when it was ordered to the rear to rest and to replenish its scanty wardrobe, the men being ragged and shoeless; a few days later it was again in motion and was continually engaged in reconnoissance and skirmishes until November 19th, when it was ordered to garrison certain forts of great importance on the New Market Road, which order was a high tribute to the valor and efficiency of the regiment. On December 5th, it was removed to the left of Fort Harrison, forming a part of the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 25th Army Corps, and spent the winter picketing,

drilling, building forts and making roads for the spring campaign.

The regiment took part in the following engagements: Near Petersburg, Va., August 13 to September 24, 1864; Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864; Kell House, October 27 and 28, 1864, and was stationed at Fort Harrison during March and until April, 1865, being one of the first to enter Richmond, Va., on April 3, 1865; they afterwards moved to Petersburg, Va., and Point Lookout, Md., thence on June 10th by transport to Brazos de Santiago and Brownsville, Texas. The regiment lost 198 men by death while in the service.

The said Frederick Fowler took part in all the movements and engagements of his regiment. He was confined in Convalescent Hospital at Brownsville, Texas, for about three weeks during the months of September and October, 1865, and with his regiment was honorably discharged at Brownsville, Texas, October 24th, 1865, on account of the close of the war. He is a member of Charles Sumner Post No. 9, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of the Potomac.

From Brownsville, Texas, he returned to his old home in Frederick County, Md., and remained until 1876, when he came to Washington, and after serving for a few months as waiter at the Capitol he received the appointment above mentioned.

In 1876 the subject of this sketch was appointed by Librarian Spofford, a messenger in the mail division of the Library of Congress. This position he has continuously filled.

On the first of October, of this year, he was promoted to be doorkeeper of the reading room, alternating with William Beckett, and commenced his "labors in the new field" on that date.

There has been no more conscientious and faithful worker in the Library than "Fred"; he is always courteous and obliging, and has richly merited his advancement.

Mr. Fowler has for many years been connected with the Ebenezer African Methodist Church, and is an officer in that society.

## A MODERN OTHELLO.

I. DWIGHT FAIRFIELD.

Of that same swarthy tint and hue,  
Of tales as thrilling and as true, —

A pretty Desdemona  
He needs but then to tell them to,  
To be a happy owner.

Of that same swarthy tint and hue,  
Of tales as thrilling and as true,

I am the happy owner;  
But I care not to tell them to  
A pretty Desdemona;  
Some colored maid will do.

Resolutions of Respect and Appreciation for the Worth of

## Prof. James Warren Payton,

Professor of Greek and Latin in Wiley University.

Who Died at his home in Massachusetts, October 15, 1902.

**Whereas,** It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our comradeship Professor James Warren Payton, our co-laborer and brother; and

**Whereas,** Professor Payton has endeared himself to both Faculty and Students of Wiley University by his at all times pleasant, cheerful and Christian fellowship, whose abundant good nature and friendliness was always like the bubbling over of a perpetual fountain, and whose presence always brought the sunshine of cheerfulness and good feeling; and

**Whereas,** We deeply mourn the loss of one who by his exceptional qualities of both mind and heart has been so helpful and inspiring to all with whom he came in contact; and

**Whereas,** Admitting the depth of the personal loss to each of us, yet we know that the work of the Church in bringing to the masses the inestimable benefits of Christian education sustains a great loss in the death of one so abundantly fitted to carry forward its philanthropic work; and

**Whereas,** Our hearts go out in sympathy to the family of which he was a beloved member, and of which he always spoke in loving terms.

**Be it Resolved,** That we hereby bear testimony to the beautiful life, ripe scholarship and Christian character of James Warren Payton, and commending his bereaved family to Divine comfort and commiseration, we humbly bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well; and

**Be it Further Resolved,** That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to the College Paper of Yale University, and to the periodicals of the Church.

Done by Order of the Faculty of Wiley University, Oct. 20, Anno Domini, 1902.

J. R. REYNOLDS,  
S. S. REID,  
E. O. ELLIOTT,

} Committee  
on  
Resolutions.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HER FAMILY.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

No family is more highly or justly honored by the American people of a past generation, especially Afro-Americans, than the Beecher family, which has so effectually assisted in enriching the intellectual field of achievement in this New World by its contribution of able writers, public speakers, eloquent preachers and noted philanthropists.

Everybody now is anti-slavery. It is honorable now to be a child of the man who "cast the first anti-slavery vote in our town"; or "called our first anti-slavery meeting"; or first entertained Garrison as guest, or Abbey Kelley, or Frederick Douglass; or rescued Stephen Foster or Lucy Stone from the hands of a ferocious mob; or raised, or commanded the first company of colored troops in the war of Rebellion, at the time when not a musical band could be found in the whole city of New York to play for a colored regiment, as it marched from the New Haven railway station to the steamer at the foot of Canal street to embark for the seat of war! says Parker Pillsbury. But Garrison, Birney, Dr. Bailey, Lovejoy, Henry Ward Beecher and their associates found the world loving the trespasses and sins of intemperance, slavery, war, capital punishment and woman's enslavement, and refusing to part with them, especially slavery which had enriched even Rhode Island; it was the sin and crime of the whole nation. It was sustained by the government, it was sanctified by the religion of the nation, even the Quakers gravely considered the question, not whether it was right to hold slaves, but whether it was right to brand them with red-hot branding irons.

Today the old battle of the abolition-

ists must be fought over again on the question of disfranchisement; happily, we hope, without the horrors of war if only the American people will be persuaded to be just toward a weaker race; but if not, then, indeed, we may tremble for this country when we reflect that God is just.

Under the baleful influence of slavery, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a Congregational minister of remarkable ability, both as an orator and a thinker.

Harriet attended the village school with her brother, Henry Ward Beecher—afterwards world-famous as a preacher and a lecturer—who was two years younger than herself. When twelve years of age she wrote a composition of such merit that it was selected to be read with two others at the annual exhibition—the subject: "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?"—and her father, being one of the judges, after listening with deep interest, turned to the master and asked, "Who wrote that?" "Your daughter, sir," was the reply, and she was so overjoyed that in later years she declared that it was the proudest moment of her life.

It was from her father also that in these young days she learned the true nature of slavery and the slave trade. This is her own story as written to a friend in 1851: "I was a child in 1820, when the Missouri Compromise was agitated, and one of the strongest and deepest impressions on my mind was that made by my father's sermons and prayers, and the anguish of his soul for the poor slave at

that time. I remember his preaching drawing tears down the hardest faces of the old farmers in his congregation. I well remember his prayers morning and evening in the family, for poor, oppressed, bleeding Africa, that the time of her deliverance might come; prayers offered with strong crying and tears, and which indelibly impressed my heart and made me what I am from my very soul, the enemy of all slavery."

Story books were rare in those days, but in a barrel in the garret, the young girl found pages of "Don Quixote," a copy of "The Arabian Nights," and finally her father, himself fascinated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, allowed her to read Scott's novels, and she and her brother George went through "Ivanhoe" seven times, and could recite many of its scenes from beginning to end, verbatim.

When thirteen, she was sent to Miss Catherine Beecher's seminary at Hartford, Conn., and soon became a teacher. She remained in Hartford till 1832, when her father went to Cincinnati as President of Lane Theological Seminary, taking his family with him. On January 6, 1836, she was married to Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, who was sent to Europe immediately after as a commissioner appointed by the State of Ohio to investigate the public school systems of Europe. During his absence Mrs. Stowe lived with her father and wrote for "The Western Monthly Magazine" and "The New York Evangelist." She also assisted her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, on "The Journal," a small daily paper, of which he was temporary editor.

The anti-slavery movement in Cincinnati began at this time. James G. Birney, of Huntersville, Alabama, at one time a slave-holder, judge in the courts, and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, emancipated his slaves, provided for their future support, and took them over into the free State of Ohio, by the advice of Theodore D. Weld. Thus wash-

ing his own hands of the guilt of slaveholding, Judge Birney set himself to the work of abolishing the foul system. He came to Cincinnati, and in connection with Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, founded an anti-slavery paper called "The Philanthropist." He suffered every possible indignity and outrage at the hands of infuriated mobs, and the vengeance of church and state. In the darkness of midnight the mob entered and carried press, types and all other paraphernalia of the office and sunk them in the Ohio river.

In 1836, Mrs. Stowe's domestic life began with the birth of her twin daughters, and in 1838 her son Henry was born. For fourteen years life was a struggle with ill health and poverty, until in 1850 Mr. Stowe became a Professor in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., and in 1852 "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published, and brought her \$10,000 at once, and a yearly income which made her comfortable for life. A few years after the Birney incident, Dr. Bailey published an anti-slavery paper at Washington. He was a man of remarkable ability as an editor, greatly respected by his brother journalists, and it was in this paper that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published as a serial.

It was during her life in Ohio that Mrs. Stowe became familiar with the cruelties of slavery, through the fugitives of Kentucky who were continually crossing the Ohio river and being helped on their way by the "Underground Railroad," the house and barn of the Beechers being one of the first stations. Talking with these fugitives nearly broke her heart, and thus it was she was able, in after years, to draw tears of sympathy from thousands all over the world, arousing that irresistible force of public opinion which put an end to the whole system and caused President Lincoln to greet her, upon the occasion of their first meeting, at Washington, D. C., "So this is the little woman who brought on the war."

In 1853 the family removed to Andover, Mass., and Mrs. Stowe visited England with her husband and her brother Charles, and was royally entertained by some of the most distinguished families because of her "wonderful book"; twice again she traveled in Europe, writing "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and "Agnes of Sorrento." While abroad she rendered Miss Elizabeth Greenfield—

severe trials, of great courage and executive ability, hating the sin but tender toward the sinner, she was the personification of gentle womanhood. What greater tribute can we give her?

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

—From a poem by Mrs. Stowe.

Isabella Beecher is the youngest of the



THE HARRIET BEECHER STOWE RESIDENCE, HARTFORD, CONN.

"The Black Swan"—signal service in getting concerts and patronage from the influential nobles of London.

In 1863, by reason of Mr. Stowe's failing health, the family moved to Hartford, the home of Mrs. Stowe's early days, where she resided until her death, July 1, 1896. She lies buried in the village churchyard at Andover, beside her husband and her son Henry.

Mrs. Stowe was a woman of great genius who lived as seeing the invisible inhabitants beyond the Veil. Patient under

four daughters of the New England divine, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1822, ten years later than her illustrious sister, Mrs. Stowe. Isabella was the first child by a second wife, and with her brother James made up the group of eleven who have since, individually and collectively, become the most remarkable family in America. Mrs. Hooper is now eighty years of age, and says that she hopes to live many years longer; she is the only one of the Beecher family living.

At nineteen years of age she married Mr. John Hooker, a talented young lawyer. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker lived in Farmington until 1851, when they removed to Hartford, Conn., which has since been their home, the house and grounds upon Forest street, near Mrs. Stowe's residence and that of Charles Dudley Warner and

people, who recognized in their host and hostess a charm of manner and grace of conversation beyond what is often permitted even the most cultured to enjoy. There was no gossip, but incessant discussion, keen but kindly controversy, and the flashing to and fro of wit and humor.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Mark Twain," being a handsome and hospitable place. This home consisted of a home farm of a little over one hundred acres, just outside the limits of Hartford, and was called "Nook Farm."

A writer in the "Hartford Post" wrote an article on the life of Nook Farm:

In the social and intellectual life of this city, Mr. Hooker has borne no small part. Aided by his gifted wife, his home early became the centre of a group of cultured

What evenings one remembers in the society of such men and women! If Hartford has ever before or since, had a brighter, sunnier, healthier, more hospitable or quickening spot than Nook Farm in those far-off days, it has been fortunate indeed. Great clouds were gathering in the political sky, but the inmates of that home regarded them with a faith and hope and courage that were



contagious. Great excitement and tumults were abroad, but there was the peace of a certain glorious confidence in God and humanity.

John Hooker was a careful and intelligent student of the social, political and religious questions of his time, and like

pursued the work. The history of her struggles will doubtless be written. It will be a memorial of unflagging labor, cheerful sacrifice and social martyrdom. Isabella Beecher Hooker and a handful of other brave women have been pioneers in the cause, and to them the women of this generation owe much of their intel-



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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the wife of Johnathan Edwards, who kept pace with her husband in his theological researches and speculations, Isabella Beecher learned from her husband much of his profession, and studied the basis and evolution of the laws which govern the United States. In this way Mrs. Hooker became distinguished as a powerful advocate of woman's suffrage; for more than thirty years he has faithfully

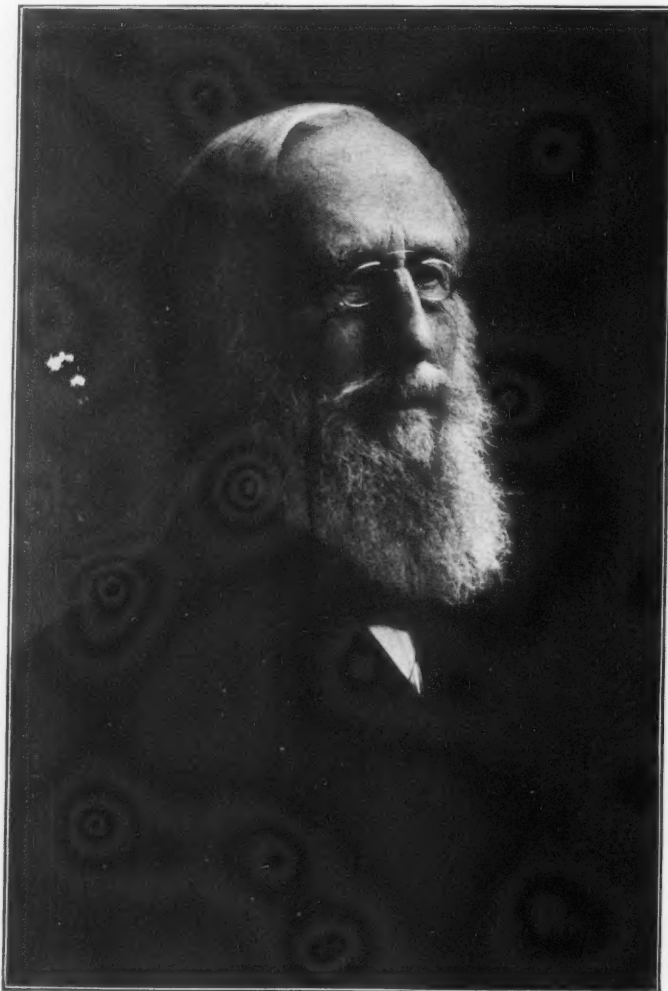
lectual status, professional privileges, and the literary and artistic possibilities which now invite the young woman to enter.

Mrs. Hooker has no grievance other than the sufferings of unfortunate humanity. Singularly happy in her father, brothers, husband and son, she has no tirade against men.

In 1891 occurred the golden wedding of Hon. John Hooker and his wife, Isa-

bella Beecher Hooker. It was such a golden wedding as is not often seen, and seldom, indeed, falls to the happy fortune of husband and wife to celebrate. Thousands of guests were present afternoon and evening—a mixed and curiously representative gathering. A queer and

broad Shakespearian shirt collar lay wide over his shoulders. This quaint vocalist gratified the large company by singing some of the family's old and popular songs; among them, we have no doubt, he rendered some stirring numbers used in their abolition concerts.



HON. JOHN HOOKER.

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quaint-looking figure in the crowd was John Hutchinson, a survivor of the Hutchinson family of New Hampshire, vocalists, who with Judson, John, Asa, Abby and Jesse, and all the rest, used to give popular concerts, along in 1845, and later. His long hair, almost white now, fell down over his shoulders, parted behind in two divisions, and an immensely

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker may well feel gratified at such a demonstration of the interest and respect felt for them by the people of Hartford." [The *Hartford Times* of August 6, 1891.]

Mrs. Hooker has placed herself on record on the question of disfranchisement: "We are told by men themselves that there are too many voters already; re-

striction is what we want, not enlargement of the suffrage. If disfranchisement meant the annihilation of the trouble I might be glad to get rid of this troublesome question in that way; the task of running this country would then

*they need it*, and the more we need they should have it. And let me say in passing, that reconstruction in the South is hindered today for the same reason; responsibility is taken away from a large class of citizens. A disfranchised class



MRS. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

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be fare easier than it is; but it does not mean annihilation. Do not disfranchise these men,—enlighten them, for God has sent them here for a purpose of His own. And I say to you tonight, that the ballot in the hands of every man is the only thing that saves us from anarchy today, that keeps us alive as a republic,—the ballot in the hands of these ignorant men, and *the more ignorant they are the more*

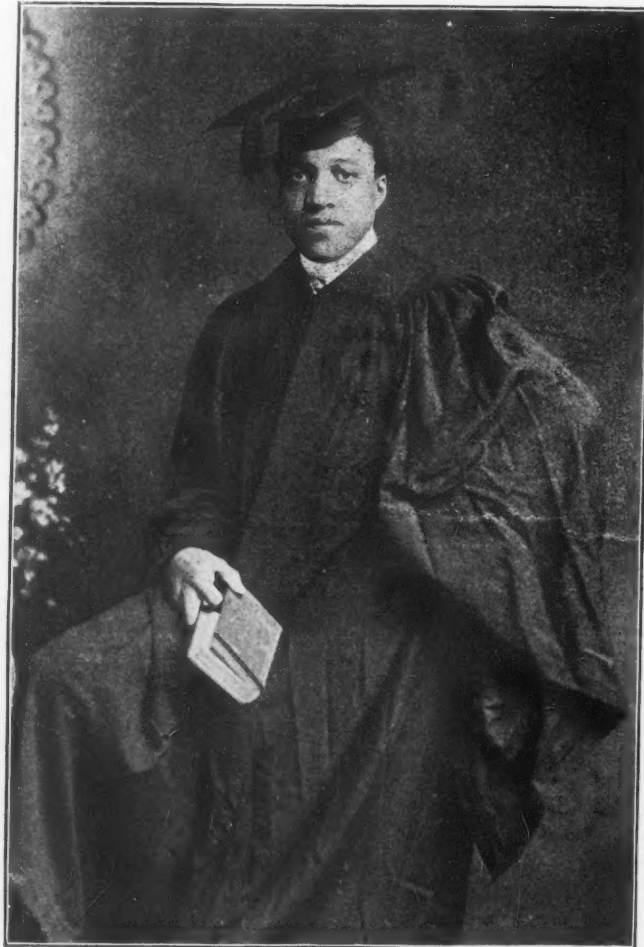
is always a restless class; a class that, if it be not as a whole given up to violence, will at least wink at them, when committed by men either in or out of its own ranks. *What the South needs today is ballots, not bullets.*

“We have got all Europe, and all Asia is coming; and who sends them? When God put into that good ship *Mayflower* those two great ribs of oak, *personal lib-*

erty and *personal responsibility*, he knew the precious freight she was to bear, and all the hopes bound up in her, and He pledged Himself by both the great eternities, the past and the future, that the ship should weather all storms and come safe

Mrs. Hooker is a true picture of a noble and distinguished American woman working for a grand principle and the upbuilding of her sex.

Hon. John Hooker was born in Farm-



THE LATE JAMES WARREN PAYTON.

*See pages 126 and 154.*

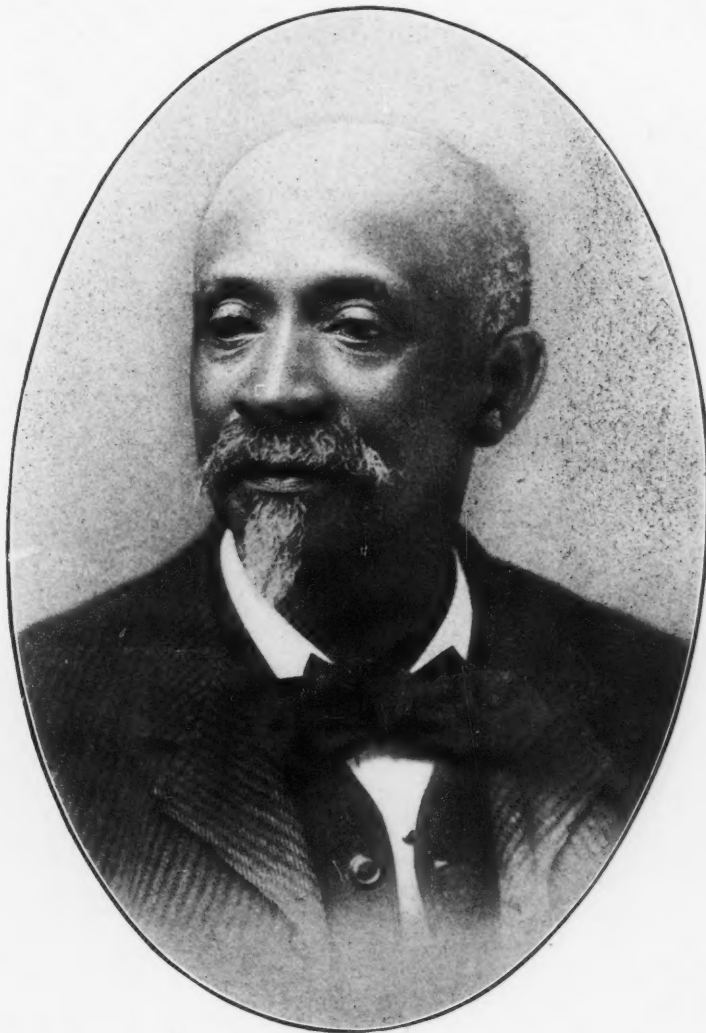
to port with all she had on board. And what God has promised He will perform. So I beg you not to think for a moment of limiting manhood suffrage. You cut your own throats the day you do it." —[Mrs. Hooker before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, Washington, Jan., 1871.]

ington, Conn., April 19, 1816. His father was Edward Hooker, his mother Miss Eliza Daggett of New Haven, who was first cousin of the mother of Roger S. Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, of William S. Evarts, and of Senator and Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, who thus became Mr. Hooker's second cousin.



Mr. Hooker was admitted to the Bar in 1841, and married Isabella, the youngest daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, in the same year. They had four children, two of whom are living. Before this time he had not taken much interest in

slavery element, and before long he found that it would seriously injure his business chances, but feeling that he could not be a traitor to God and man, he saw no way but to keep on as he had begun, and Mr. Hooker testifies to his own ultimate pros-



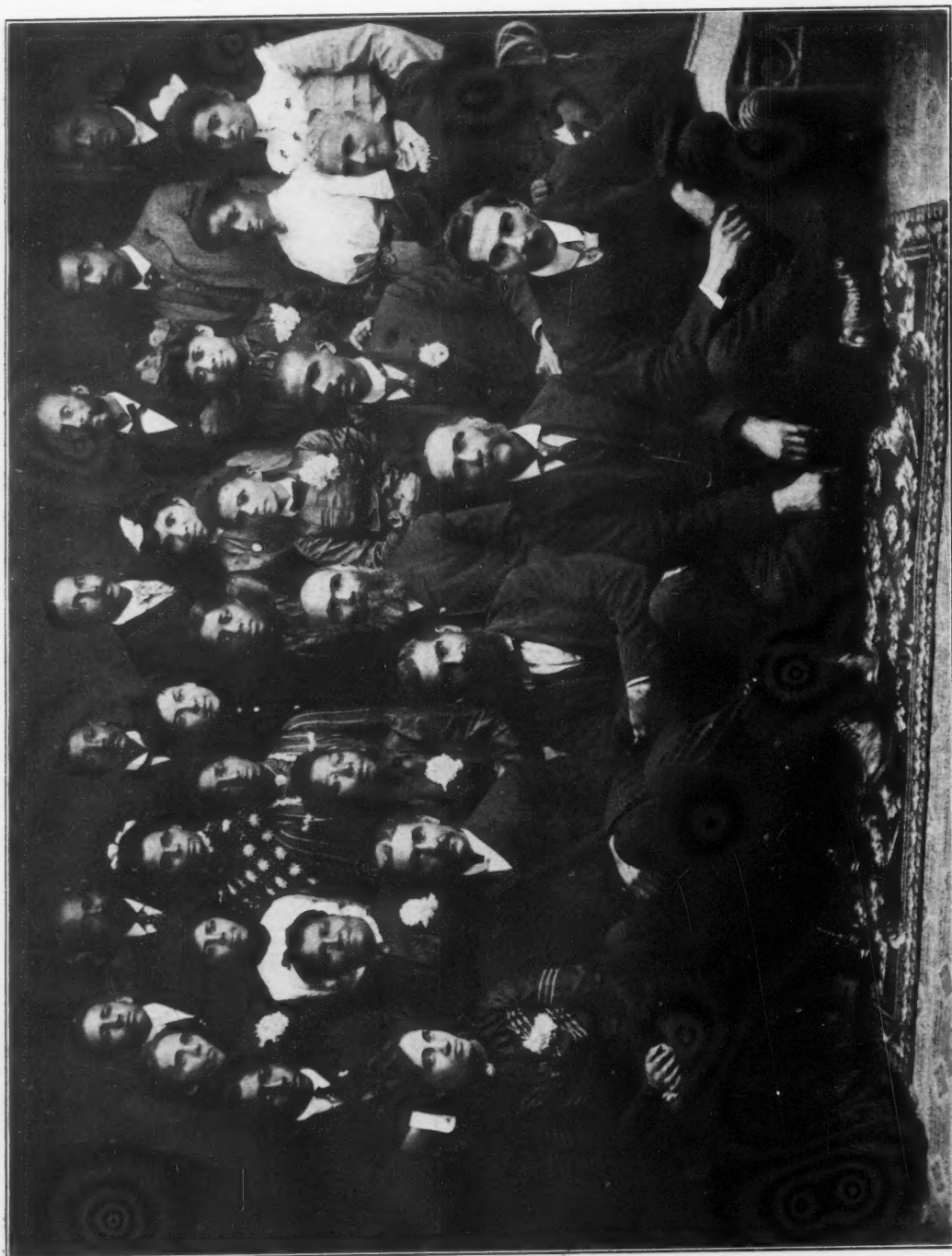
ELIJAH WILLIAM SMITH.

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the anti-slavery movement, though he had attended the meetings of the abolitionists. He then looked thoroughly into the question and became convinced that it was his duty to join them. Of course, on starting as a lawyer in Farmington, he encountered much unfriendliness from the pro-

perity in these words: "It very likely made it slower work for me to get into business, but in the end made no serious difference; indeed, I think I stood better for it in all my later life."

It was while living in Farmington that the case of "Armistad" occurred, and Mr.



GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL, LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR, RAVENNA, OHIO.



GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LEGION, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

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Hooker was cognizant of the facts. Of this case he says in his book:

"A Cuban steamer, the 'Armistad,' was transporting some forty freshly arrived slaves from Havana, Cuba, where they had been purchased by two Spanish

enue cutters at the east end of Long Island Sound, and were taken into New London. Here the Negroes at once found friends and protection, and, after being detained in prison several months, and finally declared free by the courts they



DR. THOMAS W. BURTON.]

*See page 157.*

planters named Ruiz and Montez, to their plantations on another part of the coast, when the slaves rose up and overpowered the men, killed the captain, and took possession of the vessel. They knew nothing of navigation or geography, but did the best they could to work the vessel in a northerly direction. After about two weeks they were found by one of our rev-

were brought to Farmington, where they became an object of great interest to the people for many miles about.

"The Hon. John Quincy Adams had, at the solicitation of the committee of citizens, consented to act as their senior counsel, and the cause was finally argued by him and Mr. Baldwin before the Supreme Court of the United States at



Washington, February and March, 1841, and a part of a letter addressed to one of the committee gives the result:

"WASHINGTON, March 9, 1841.

"*To Lewis Tappan, Esq., New York:*

"The captives are free! They are to be discharged from the custody of the marshal, free. "Not unto us—not unto

seemed to take much interest in the strange things they say, and were very grateful for the kindness shown them. They came from Mendi, in Africa, where a mission was afterwards established, and most of the Negroes returned there. There were 38 youths and men, three girls and one boy. At last, a passage



JAMES A. WILSON, CALHOUN, ALA.

*See page 155.*

us," etc. But thanks in the name of humanity and justice to you.

"J. Q. ADAMS."

"Comfortable quarters were provided for them at Farmington, with a large schoolroom, where they were taught the rudiments of knowledge and something of our language. Some of them were very bright and learned quite rapidly, and all were well-behaved and orderly, and

having been secured for them in a vessel bound for Sierra Leone, a farewell public meeting was held in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Nov. 27, 1841, when after devotional exercises, instructions were given to the missionaries under appointment, the Rev. Wm. Raymond and wife, and the Rev. Jas. Steele, who were to accompany the freed Africans back to their home."—"Some Reminiscences of a Long Life."]

Mr. Hooker tells in his book, with much pride, that he was once a slaveholder for twenty-four hours. It happened in this wise: Rev. Jas. W. Pennington, a full-blooded Negro, was the pastor of a Congregational church for colored people. No one knew he was a fugitive slave. Upon the passage of the "Fugitive Slave Law," in 1850, Rev. Pennington became alarmed and divulged his secret to Mr. Hooker. His name as a slave was "Jim Pembroke"; he ran away when eighteen and was then about forty.

It was finally decided that Rev. Pennington's safety lay in flight, and he went to Scotland. Friends in Scotland finally took the matter in hand and raised a sum of money to buy the Doctor's freedom. Mr. Hooker thereupon wrote to Mr.

Tilghman, "Jim's" former master, asking the lowest price he would take for his freedom. Mr. Tilghman was dead and his administrator demanded \$150. He added that, as administrator, he had no power to manumit, but could only sell the slave; the purchaser could manumit. Mr. Jos. R. Hawley, since a senator at Washington, went to Maryland and took a bill of sale of Rev. Pennington for Mr. Hooker. On securing the bill Mr. Hooker held it for a day to see what the sensation would be of owning a doctor of divinity—Heidelberg in Germany having conferred that degree upon the former slave. A deed of manumission was then executed, which may be found today in the town records—a wonder for future generations. Mr. Hooker was a genial man, kind husband, faithful friend and brilliant citizen. *Requiescat in pace.*

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS.

Christmas on the Edwards plantation, as it was still called, was a great event to old and young, master and slave comprising the Edwards household. Although freedom had long ago been declared, many of the older slaves could not be induced to leave the plantation, chiefly because the Edwards family had been able to maintain their appearance of opulence through the vicissitudes of war, and the subsequent disasters, which had impoverished so many of their neighbors. It is one of the peculiar characteristics of the American Negro, that he is never to be found in large numbers in any community where the white people are as poor as himself. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Edwards plantation had no difficulty in retaining nearly all of their for-

mer slaves as servants under the new regime.

The stately Edwards mansion, with its massive pillars, and spreading porticoes, gleaming white in its setting of noble pines and cedars, is still the pride of a certain section of old Virginia.

One balmy afternoon a few days before the great Christmas festival, Doris Edwards, the youngest granddaughter of this historic southern home, was hastening along a well-trodden path leading down to an old white-washed cabin, one of the picturesque survivals of plantation life before the war. The pathway was bordered on either side with old-fashioned flowers, some of them still lifting a belated blossom, caught in the lingering balm of Autumn, while faded stalks of

hollyhock and sunflower, like silent sentinels, guarded the door of this humble cabin.

Through the open vine-latticed window, Doris sniffed with keen delight the mingled odor of pies, cakes and various other dainties temptingly spread out on

her apron thrown over her head, swaying back and forth to the doleful measure of a familiar plantation melody, to which the words, "Lambs of the Upper Fold," were being paraphrased in a most ludicrous way. As far back as Doris could remember, it had been an unwritten law on the



FREDERICK FOWLER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*See page 123.*

the snowy kitchen table waiting to be conveyed to the "big house" to contribute to the coming Christmas cheer.

Peering into the gloomy cabin, Doris discovered old Aunt Linda, with whom she had always been a great favorite, sitting in a low chair before the old brick oven,

plantation that when Aunt Linda's "blues chile" reached the "Lambs Of The Upper Fold" stage, she was in a mood not to be trifled with.

Aunt Linda had lived on the plantation so long she had become quite a privileged character. It had never been known just

how she had learned to read and write, but this fact had made her a kind of a leader among the other servants, and had earned for herself greater respect even from the Edwards family. Having been a house servant for many years, her language was also better than the other servants, and her spirits were very low indeed, when she lapsed into the language of the "quarters." There was also a tradition in the family that Aunt Linda's

Doris, however, was the one member of the household who refused to take Aunt Linda's moods seriously, so taking in the situation at a glance, she determined to put an end to this "mood" at least. Stealing softly upon the old woman, she drew the apron from her head, exclaiming, "O, Aunt Linda, just leave your 'lambs' alone for to-day, won't you? why this is Christmas time, and I have left all kinds of nice things going on up at the



THADDEUS DUBOISE TURNER, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

*See page 156.*

coming to the plantation had from the first been shrouded in mystery. In appearance she was a tall yellow woman, straight as an Indian, with piercing black eyes, and bearing herself with a certain dignity of manner, unusual in a slave. Visitors to the Edwards place would at once single her out from among the other servants, sometimes asking some very uncomfortable questions concerning her.

house to bring you the latest news, and now, but what is the matter anyway?" The old woman slowly raised her head, saying, "I might of knowd it was you, you certainly is gettin' might saccy, chile, chile, how you did fright me sure. My min was way back in ole Carlina, jest befoh another Christmas, when de Lord done lay one hand on my pore heart, and wid the other press down de white lids



over de blue eyes of my sweet Alice, O, my chile, can I evah ferget date day?" Doris, fearing another outburst, interrupted the moans of the old woman by playfully placing her hand over her mouth, saying: "Wait a minute, auntie, I want to tell you something. There are so many delightful people up to the house,

but violet, just like the pansies in your garden last summer." At the mention of the last name, Aunt Linda rose, leaning on the table for support. It seemed to her as if some cruel hand had reached out of a pitiless past and clutched her heart. Doris gazed in startled awe at the storm of anguish that seemed to sweep across

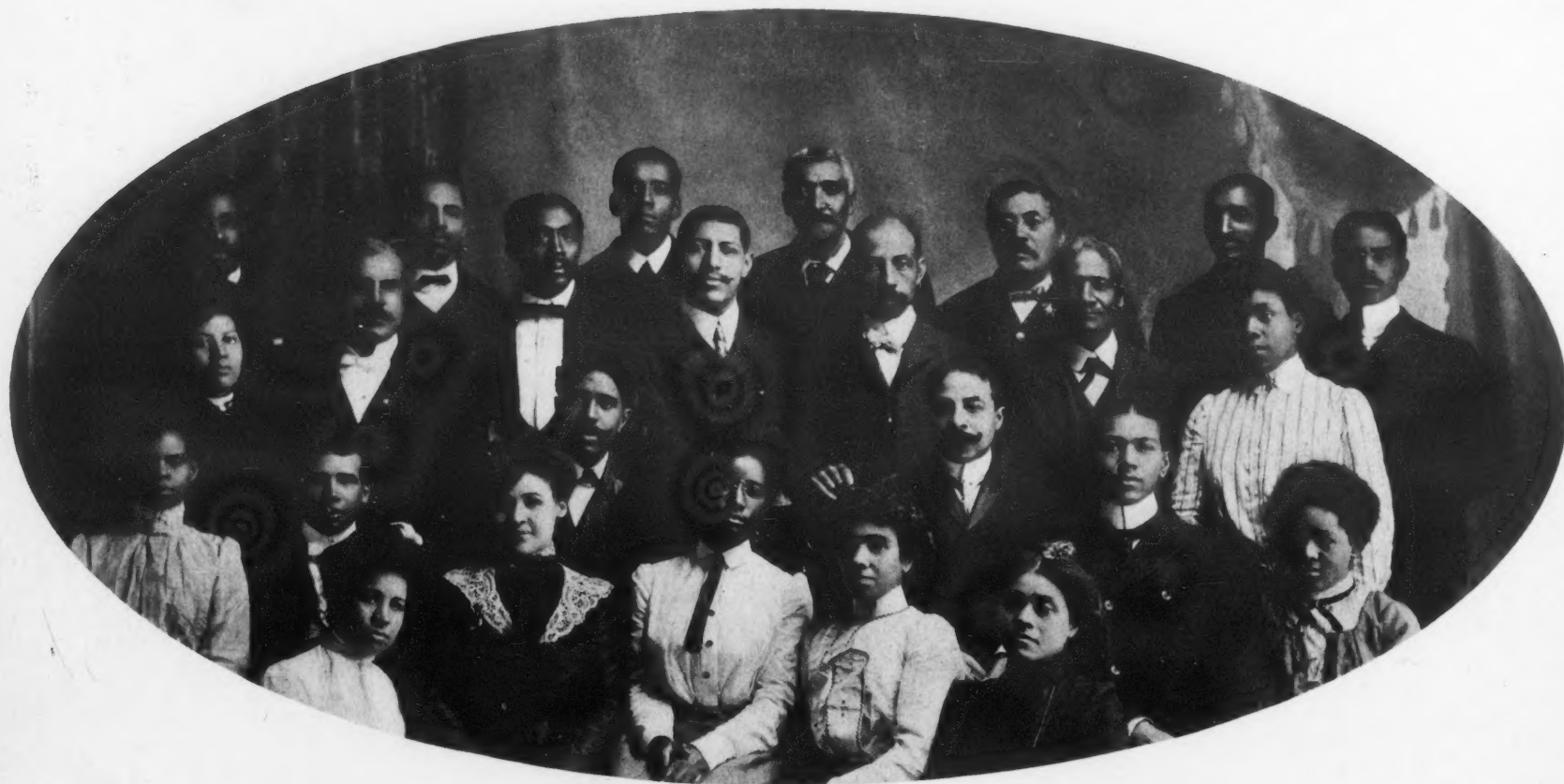


REV. P. THOMAS STANFORD, D.D.

*See page 156.*

but I want to tell you about two of them especially. Sister May has just come and has brought with her her friend, Pauline Sommers, who sings beautifully, and she is going to sing our Christmas carol for us on Christmas eve. With them is the loveliest girl I ever saw, her name is Gladys Winne. I wish I could describe her, but I can't. I can only remember her violet eyes; think of it, auntie, not blue,

the old woman's face, exclaiming, "Why, auntie, are you sick?" In a hoarse voice, she answered: "Yes, chile, yes, I's sick." This poor old slave woman's life was rimmed by just two events, a birth and a death, and even these memories were hers and not hers, yet the mention of a single name has for a moment blotted out all the intervening years and in another lowly cabin, the name of 'Gladys' is whis-



GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL, LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

*See page 123.*

pered by dying lips to breaking hearts. Aunt Linda gave a swift glance at the startled Doris, while making a desperate effort to recall her wandering thoughts, lest unwittingly she betray her loved ones to this little chatterer. Forcing a ghastly smile, she said, as if to herself, "As if there was only one Gladys in all this world, yes and heaps of Winnes, too, I reckon. Go on chile, go on, ole Aunt Linda is sure getting ole and silly." Doris left the cabin bristling with curiosity, but fortunately for Aunt Linda, she would not allow it to worry her pretty head very long.

The lovely Gladys Winne, as she was generally called, was indeed the most winsome and charming of all the guests that composed the Christmas party in the Edwards mansion. Slightly above medium height, with a beautifully rounded form, delicately poised head crowned with rippling chestnut hair, curling in soft tendrils about neck and brow, a complexion of dazzling fairness with the tint of the rose in her cheeks, and the whole face lighted by deeply glowing violet eyes. Thus liberally endowed by nature, there was further added the charm of a fine education, the advantage of foreign travel, contact with brilliant minds, and a social prestige through her foster parents, that fitted her for the most exclusive social life.

She had recently been betrothed to Paul Westlake, a handsome, wealthy and gifted young lawyer of New York. He had been among the latest arrivals, and Gladys' happiness glowed in her expressive eyes, and fairly scintillated from every curve of her exquisite form. Beautifully gowned in delicate blue of soft and clinging texture draped with creamy lace, she was indeed as rare a picture of radiant youth and beauty as one could wish to see.

But, strange to say, Gladys' happiness was not without alloy. She had one real or fancied annoyance, which she could not shake off, though she tried not to

think about it. But as she walked with Paul, through the rambling rooms of this historic mansion, she determined to call his attention to it. They had just passed an angle near a stairway, when Gladys nervously pressed his arm, saying, "Look, Paul, do you see that tall yellow woman; she follows me everywhere, and actually haunts me like a shadow. If I turn suddenly, I can just see her gliding out of sight. Sometimes she becomes bolder, and coming closer to me, she peers into my face as if she would look me through. Really there seems to be something uncanny about it all to me; it makes me shiver. Look, Paul, there she is now, even your presence does not daunt her." Paul, after satisfying himself that she was really serious and annoyed, ceased laughing, saying, "My darling, I cannot consistently blame any one for looking at you. It may be due to an inborn curiosity; she probably is attracted by other lovely things in the same way, only you may not have noticed it." "Nonsense," said Gladys, blushing, "that is a very sweet explanation, but it doesn't explain in this case. It annoys me so much that I think I must speak to Mrs. Edwards about it." Here Paul quickly interrupted, "No, my dear, I would not do that; she is evidently a privileged servant, judging from the rightaway she seems to have all over the house. Mrs. Edwards is very kind and gracious to us, yet she might resent any criticism of her servants. Try to dismiss it from your mind, my love. I have always heard that these old 'mamies' are very superstitious, and she may fancy that she has seen you in some vision or dream, but it ought not to cause you any concern at all. Just fix your mind on something pleasant; on me, for instance." Thus lovingly rebuked and comforted, Gladys did succeed in forgetting for a time her silent watcher. But the thing that annoyed her almost more than anything else was the fact that she had a sense of being irresistibly drawn

towards this old servant, by a chord of sympathy and interest, for which she could not in any way account.

But the fatal curiosity of her sex, despite the advice of Paul, whom she so loved and trusted, finally wrought her own undoing. The next afternoon, at a time when she was sure she would not be missed, Gladys stole down to Aunt Linda's cabin determined to probe this mystery for herself. Finding the cabin door ajar, she slipped lightly into the room.

Aunt Linda was so absorbed by what she was doing that she heard no sound. Gladys paused upon the threshold of the cabin, fascinated by the old woman's strange occupation. She was bending over the contents of an old hair chest, tenderly shaking out one little garment after another of a baby's wardrobe, filling the room with the pungent odor of camphor and lavender.

The tears were falling and she would hold the little garments to her bosom, crooning some quaint cradle song, tenderly murmuring, "O, my lam, my poor lil' lam," and then, as if speaking to some one unseen, she would say: "No, my darlin, no, your ole mother will shorely nevah break her promise to young master, but O, if you could only see how lovely your little Gladys has growed to be! Sweet innocent Gladys, and her pore ole granma must not speak to or tech her, mus not tell her how her own ma loved her and dat dese ole hans was de fust to hold her, and mine de fust kiss she ever knew; but O, my darlin, I will nevañ tray you, she shall nevah know." Then the old woman's sobs would break out afresh, as she frantically clasped the tiny garments, yellow with age, but dainty enough for a princess, to her aching heart.

For a moment Gladys, fresh and sweet as a flower, felt only the tender sympathy of a casual observer, for what possible connection could there be between her

and this old colored woman in her sordid surroundings. Unconsciously she drew her skirts about her in scorn of the bare suggestion, but the next moment found her transfixed with horror, a sense of approaching doom enveloping her as in a mist. Clutching at her throat, and with dilated unseeing eyes, she groped her way toward the old woman, violently shaking her, while in a terror-stricken voice she cried, "O Aunt Linda, what is it?" With a cry like the last despairing groan of a wounded animal, Aunt Linda dropped upon her knees, scattering a shower of filmy lace and dainty flannels about her. Through every fibre of her being, Gladys felt the absurdity of her fears, yet in spite of herself, the words welled up from her heart to her lips, "O Aunt Linda, what is it, what have I to do with your dead?" with an hysterical laugh, she added, "do I look like someone you have loved and lost in other days?" Then the simple-hearted old woman, deceived by the kindly note in Gladys' voice, and not seeing the unspeakable horror growing in her eyes, stretched out imploring hands as to a little child, the tears streaming from her eyes, saying, "O, Gladys," not Miss Gladys now, as the stricken girl quickly notes, "you is my own sweet Alice's little chile, O, honey I's your own dear gran-ma. You's beautiful, Gladys, but not more so den you own sweet ma, who loved you so."

The old woman was so happy to be relieved of the secret burden she had borne for so many years, that she had almost forgotten Gladys' presence, until she saw her lost darling fainting before her very eyes. Quickly she caught her in her arms, tenderly pillowing her head upon her ample bosom, where as a little babe she had so often lain.

For several minutes the gloomy cabin was wrapped in solemn silence. Finally Gladys raised her head, and turning toward Aunt Linda her face, from which every trace of youth and happiness had



fled, in a hoarse and almost breathless whisper, said: "If you are my own grandmother, who then was my father?" Before this searching question these two widely contrasted types of southern conditions, stood dumb and helpless. The shadow of the departed crime of slavery still remained to haunt the generations of freedom.

Though Aunt Linda had known for many years that she was free, the generous kindness of the Edwards family had made the Emancipation proclamation almost meaningless to her.

When she now realized that the fatal admission, which had brought such gladness to her heart, had only deepened the horror in Gladys' heart, a new light broke upon her darkened mind. Carefully placing Gladys in a chair, the old woman raised herself to her full height, her right hand uplifted like some bronze goddess of liberty. For the first time and for one brief moment she felt the inspiring thrill and meaning of the term freedom. Ignorant of almost everything as compared with the knowledge and experience of the stricken girl before her, yet a revelation of the sacred relationships of parenthood, childhood and home, the common heritage of all humanity swept aside all differences of complexion or position.

For one moment, despite her lowly surroundings and dusky skin, an equality of blood, nay superiority of blood, tingled in old Aunt Linda's veins, straightened her body, and flashed in her eye. But the crushing process of over two centuries could not sustain in her more than a moment of asserted womanhood. Slowly she lowered her arm, and, with bending body, she was again but an old slave woman with haunting memories and a bleeding heart. Then with tears and broken words, she poured out the whole pitiful story to the sobbing Gladys.

"It was this way, honey, it all happened jus before the wah, way down in

ole Carolina. My lil Alice, my one chile had growed up to be so beautiful. Even when she was a tiny lil chile, I used to look at her and wonder how de good Lord evah 'lowed her to slip over my door sill, but nevah min dat chile, dat is not you alls concern. When she was near 'bout seventeen years ole, she was dat prutty that the white folks was always askin' of me if she was my own chile, the ide, as if her own ma, but den that was all right for dem, it was jest case she was so white, I knowd.

"Tho' I lived wid my lil Alice in de cabin, I was de housemaid in de 'big house,' but I'd nevah let Alice be up thar wid me when there was company, case, well I jest had to be keerful, nevah mind why. But one day, young Master Harry Winne was home from school, and they was a celebratin', an' I was in a hurry; so I set Alice to bringin' some roses fron de garden to trim de table, and there young master saw her, an' came after me to know who she was; he say he thought he knowed all his ma's company, den I guess I was too proud, an' I up an' tells him dat she was my Alice, my own lil' gel, an' I was right away scared dat I had tole him, but he had seen huh; dat was enough, O my pore lam!" Here the old woman paused, giving herself up for a momen' to unrestrained weeping. Suddenly she dried her eyes and said: "Gladys, chile, does you know what love is?" Gladys' cheeks made eloquent response, and with one swift glance, the old woman continued. "den you knows how they loved each other. One day Master Harry went to ole Master and he say: 'Father, I know you'll be auful angered at me, but I will marry Alice or no woman': den his father say—but nevah min' what it was, only it was enough to make young master say dat he'd nevah forgive his pa, for what he say about my lil' gurl.

"Some time after that my Alice began to droop an' pine away like: so one day I say to her: 'Alice, does you an' young

master love each other?' Den she tole me as how young master had married her, and that she was afeard to tell even her ma, case they mite sen him away from her forever. When young master came again he tole me all about it; jest lak my gurl had tole me. He say he could not lib withou' her. After dat he would steal down to see her when he could, bringing huh all dese pritty laces and things, and she would sit all day and sew an' cry lak her heart would break.

"He would bribe ole Sam not to tell ole Master, saying date he was soon goin' to take huh away where no men or laws could tech them. Well, after you was bohn, she began to fade away from me, gettin' weaker every day. Den when you was only a few months ole, O, how she worshipped you! I saw dat my pore unhappy lil gurl was goin' on dat long journey away from her pore heart-broke ma, to dat home not made with hans, den I sent for young master, your pa. O, how he begged her not to go, saying dat he had a home all ready for her an you up Norf. Gently she laid you in his arms, shore de mos' beautiful chile dat evah were, wid your great big violet eyes looking up into his, tho' he could not see dem for the tears dat would fall on yo sweet face. Your ma tried to smile, reaching out her weak arms for you, she said: 'Gladys,' an' with choking sobs she made us bofe promise, she say, 'promise that she shall never know that her ma was a slave or dat she has a drop of my blood, make it all yours, Harry, nevah let her know.' We bofe promised, and that night young master tore you from my breaking heart, case it was best. After I had laid away my poor unhappy chile, I begged ole Master to sell me, so as to sen me way off to Virginia, where I could nevah trace you nor look fer you, an' I nevah have." Then the old woman threw herself upon her knees, wringing her hands and saying: "O my God, why did you let her fin me?" She had quite

forgotten Gladys' presence in the extremity of her distress at having broken her vow to the dead and perhaps wrought sorrow for the living.

Throughout the entire recital, told between heart-breaking sobs and moans, Gladys sat as if carved in marble, never removing her eyes from the old woman's face. Slowly she aroused herself, allowing her dull eyes to wander about the room at the patch-work covered bed in the corner; then through the open casement, from which she could catch a glimpse of a group of young Negroes, noting their coarse features and boisterous play; then back again to the crouching, sobbing old woman. With a shiver running through her entire form, she found her voice, which seemed to come from a great distance, "And I am part of all this! O, my God, how can I live; above all, how can I tell Paul, but I must and will; I will not deceive him though it kill me."

At the sound of Gladys' voice Aunt Linda's faculties awoke, and she began to realize the awful possibilities of her divulged secrets. Aunt Linda had felt and known the horrors of slavery, but could she have known that after twenty years of freedom, nothing in the whole range of social disgraces could work such terrible disinheritance to man or woman as the presence of Negro blood, seen or unseen, she would have given almost life itself rather than to have condemned this darling of her love and prayers to so dire a fate.

The name of Paul, breathed by Gladys in accents of such tenderness and despair, aroused Aunt Linda to action. She implored her not to tell Paul or any one else. "No one need ever know, no one ever can or shall know," she pleaded. "How could any fin' out, honey, if you did not tell them?" Then seizing one of Gladys' little hands, pink and white and delicate as a rose leaf, and placing it beside her own old and yellow one, she

cried: "Look chile, look, could any one ever fin' the same blood in dese two hans by jest looking at em? No, honey, I has done kep dis secret all dese years, and now I pass it on to you an you mus' keep it for yourself for the res' of de time, deed you mus', no one need evah know."

To her dying day Aunt Linda never forgot the despairing voice of this stricken girl, as she said: "Ah, but I know, my God, what have I done to deserve this?"

With no word of pity for the suffering old woman, she again clutched her arm, saying in a stifled whisper: "Again I ask you, who was, or is my father, and where is he?" Aunt Linda cowered before this angry goddess, though she was of her own flesh and blood, and softly said: "He is dead; died when you were about five years old. He lef you heaps of money, and in the care of a childless couple, who reared you as they own; he made 'em let you keep his name, I can't see why." With the utmost contempt Gladys cried, "Gold, gold, what is gold to such a heritage as this? an ocean of gold cannot wash away this stain."

Poor Gladys never knew how she reached her room. She turned to lock the door, resolved to fight this battle out for herself; then she thought of kind Mrs. Edwards. She would never need a mother's love so much as now. Of her own mother, she dared not even think. Then, too, why had she not thought of it before, this horrible story might not be true. Aunt Linda was probably out of her mind, and Mrs. Edwards would surely know.

By a striking coincidence Mrs. Edwards had noticed Linda's manner toward her fair guest, and knowing the old woman's connection with the Winne family, she had just resolved to send for her and question her as to her suspicions, if she had any, and at least caution her as to her manner.

Hearing a light tap upon her door, she

hastily opened it. She needed but one glance at Gladys' unhappy countenance to tell her that it was too late; the mischief had already been done. With a cry of pity and dismay, Mrs. Edwards opened her arms and Gladys swooned upon her breast. Tenderly she laid her down and when she had regained consciousness, she sprang up, crying, "O Mrs. Edwards, say that it is not true, that it is some horrible dream from which I shall soon awaken?" How gladly would this good woman have sacrificed almost anything to spare this lovely girl, the innocent victim of an outrageous and blighting system, but Gladys was now a woman and must be answered. "Gladys, my dear," said Mrs. Edwards, "I wish I might save you further distress, by telling you that what I fear you have heard, perhaps from Aunt Linda herself, is not true. I am afraid it is all too true. But fortunately in your case no one need know. It will be safe with us and I will see that Aunt Linda does not mention it again, she ought not to have admitted it to you."

Very gently Mrs. Edwards confirmed Aunt Linda's story, bitterly inveighing against a system which mocked at marriage vows, even allowing a man to sell his own flesh and blood for gain. She told this chaste and delicate girl how poor slave girls, many of them most beautiful in form and feature, were not allowed to be modest, not allowed to follow the instincts of moral rectitude, that they might be held at the mercy of their masters. Poor Gladys writhed as if under the lash. She little knew what painful reasons Mrs. Edwards had for hating the entire system of debasement to both master and slave. Her kind heart, southern born and bred as she was yearned to give protection and home to two beautiful girls, who had been shut out from her own hearthstone, which by right of justice and honor was theirs to share also. "Tell me, Gladys," she exclaimed, "which race is the more to be despised? Forgive me, dear, for

telling you these things, but my mind was stirred by very bitter memories. Though great injustice has been done, and is still being done, I say to you, my child, that from selfish interest and the peace of my household, I could not allow such a disgrace to attach to one of my most honored guests. Do you not then see, dear, the unwisdom of revealing your identity here and now? Unrevealed, we are all your friends—" the covert threat lurking in the unfinished sentence was not lost upon Gladys. She arose, making an effort to be calm, but nervously seizing Mrs. Edwards' hand, she asked: "Have I no living white relatives?" Mrs. Edwards hesitated a moment, then said: "Yes, a few, but they are very wealthy and influential, and now living in the north; so that I am very much afraid that they are not concerned as to whether you are living or not. They knew, of course, of your birth; but since the death of your father, whom they all loved very much, I have heard, though it may be only gossip, that they do not now allow your name to be mentioned."

Gladys searched Mrs. Edwards' face with a peculiarly perplexed look; then in a plainer tone of voice, said: "Mrs. Edwards, it must be that only Negroes possess natural affection. Only think of it, through all the years of my life, and though I have many near relatives, I have been cherished in memory and yearned for by only one of them, and that an old and despised colored woman. The almost infinitesimal drop of her blood in my veins is really the only drop that I can consistently be proud of." Then, springing up, an indiscribable glow fairly transfiguring and illumining her face, she said: "My kind hostess, and comforting friend, I feel that I must tell Paul, but for your sake we will say nothing to the others, and if he does not advise me, yes, command me, to own and cherish that lonely old woman's love, and make happy her declining years, then he is not the man

to whom I can or will entrust my love and life."

With burning cheeks, and eyes hiding the stars in their violet depths, her whole countenance glowing with a sense of pride conquered and love exalted, beautiful to see, she turned to Mrs. Edwards and tenderly kissing her, passed softly from the room.

For several moments, Mrs. Edwards stood where Gladys had left her. "Poor deluded girl," she mused. "Paul Westlake is by far one of the truest and noblest young men I have ever known, but let him beware, for there is even now coming to meet him the strongest test of his manhood principles he has ever had to face; beside it, all other perplexing problems must sink into nothingness. Will he be equal to it? We shall soon see."

Gladys, in spite of the sublime courage that had so exalted her but a moment before, felt her resolution weaken with every step. It required almost a superhuman will to resist the temptation to silence, so eloquently urged upon her by Mrs. Edwards. But her resolution was not to be thus lightly set aside; it pursued her to her room, translating itself into the persistent, though, that if fate is ever to be met and conquered, the time is now; delays are dangerous.

As she was about to leave her room on her mission, impelled by an indefinable sense of farewell, she turned, with her hand upon the door, as if she would include in this backward glance all the dainty furnishings, the taste and elegance everywhere displayed, and of which she had felt so much a part. Finally her wandering gaze fell upon a fine picture of Paul Westlake upon the mantel. Instantly there flashed into her mind the first and only public address she had ever heard Paul make. She had quite forgotten the occasion, except that it had some relation to a so-called "Negro problem." Then out from the past came the rich tones of the beloved voice as with fervor



eloquence he arraigned the American people for the wrongs and injustice that had been perpetrated upon a weak and defenseless people through centuries of their enslavement and their few years of freedom.

With much feeling he recounted the pathetic story of this unhappy people when freedom found them, trying to knit together the broken ties of family kinship and their struggles through all the odds and hates of opposition, trying to make a place for themselves in the great family of races. Gladys' awakened conscience quickens the memory of his terrible condemnation of a system and of the men who would willingly demoralize a whole race of women, even at the sacrifice of their own flesh and blood.

With Mrs. Edwards' words still ringing in her ears, the memory of the last few words stings her now as then, except that now she knows why she is so sensitive as to their real import.

This message brought to her from out a happy past by Paul's pictured face, has given to her a light of hope and comfort beyond words. Hastily closing the door of her room, almost eagerly, and with buoyant step, she goes to seek Paul and carry out her mission.

To Paul Westlake's loving heart, Gladys Winne never appeared so full of beauty, curves and graces, her eyes glowing with confidence and love, as when he sprang eagerly forward to greet her on that eventful afternoon. Through all the subsequent years of their lives the tenderness and beauty of that afternoon together never faded from their minds. They seemed, though surrounded by the laughter of friends and festive preparations, quite alone—set apart by the intensity of their love and happiness.

When they were about to separate for the night, Gladys turned to Paul, with ominous seriousness, yet trying to assume a lightness she was far from feeling, saying: "Paul, dear, I am going to put your

love to the test tomorrow, may I?" Paul's smiling indifference was surely test enough, if that were all, but she persisted, "I am quite in earnest, dear; I have a confession to make to you. I intended to tell you this afternoon, but I could not cloud this almost our last evening together for a long time perhaps, so I decided to ask you to meet me in the library tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, will you?"

"Will I," Paul replied; "my darling, you know I will do anything you ask; but why tomorrow, and why so serious about the matter; beside, if it be anything that is to affect our future in any way, why not tell it now?" As Gladys was still silent, he added: "Dear, if you will assure me that this confession will not change your love for me in any way, I will willingly wait until tomorrow or next year; any time can you give me this assurance?" Gladys softly answered: "Yes, Paul, my love is yours now and always; that is, if you will always wish it." There was an expression upon her face he did not like, because he could not understand it, but tenderly drawing her to him, he said: "Gladys, dear, can anything matter so long as we love each other? I truly believe it cannot. But tell me this, dear, after this confession do I then hold the key to the situation?" "Yes, Paul, I believe you do; in fact I know that you will." "Ah, that is one point gained, tomorrow; then it can have no terrors for me," he lightly replied.

Gladys passed an almost sleepless night. Confident, yet fearful, she watched the dawn of the new day. Paul, on the contrary, slept peacefully and rose to greet the morn with confidence and cheer. "If I have Gladys' love," he mused, "there is nothing in heaven or earth for me to fear."

At last the dreaded hour of ten drew near; their "Ides of March" Paul quoted with some amusement over the situation.

The first greeting over, the silence be-

came oppressive. Paul broke it at last, saying briskly: "Now, dear, out with this confession; I am not a success at conundrums; another hour of this suspense would have been my undoing, he laughingly said.

Gladys, pale and trembling, felt all of her courage slipping from her; she knew not how to begin. Although she had rehearsed every detail of this scene again and again, she could not recall a single word she had intended to say. Finally she began with the reminder she had intended to use as a last resort: "Paul, do you remember taking me last Spring to hear your first public address; do you remember how eloquently and earnestly you pleaded the cause of the Negro?" Seeing only a growing perplexity upon his face, she cried: "O, my love, can you not see what I am trying to say? O, can you not understand? but no, no, no one could ever guess a thing so awful"; then sinking her voice almost to a whisper and with averted face, she said: "Paul, it was because you were unconsciously pleading for your own Gladys, for I am one of them."

"What nonsense is this," exclaimed Paul, springing from his chair; "it is impossible, worse than improbable, it cannot be true. It is the work of some jealous rival; surely, Gladys, you do not expect me to believe such a wild, unthinkable story as this!" Then controlling himself, he said: "O, my darling, who could have been so cruel as to have tortured you like this? If any member of this household has done this thing let us leave them in this hour. I confess I do not love the South or a Southerner, with my whole heart, in spite of this 'united country nonsense; yes, I will say it, and in spite of the apparently gracious hospitality of this household."

Gladys, awed by the violence of his indignation, placed a trembling hand upon his arm, saying: "Listen, Paul, do you not remember on the very evening of

your arrival here, of my calling your attention to a tall turbaned servant with the piercing eyes? Don't you remember I told you how she annoyed me by following me everywhere, and you laughed away my fears, and lovingly quieted my alarm? Now, O Paul, how can I say it, but I must, that woman, that Negress, who was once a slave, is my own grandmother." Without waiting for him to reply, she humbly but bravely poured into his ears the whole pitiful story, sparing neither father nor mother, but blaming her mother least of all. Ah, the pity of it!"

Without a word, Paul took hold of her trembling hands and drawing her toward the window, with shaking hand, he drew aside the heavy drapery; then turning her face so that the full glory of that sunlit morning fell upon it, he looked long and searchingly into the beautiful beloved face, as if studying the minutest detail of some matchless piece of statuary. At last he found words, saying: "You, my flower, is it possible that there can be concealed in this flawless skin, these dear violet eyes, these finely chiseled features, a trace of lineage or blood, without a single characteristic to vindicate its presence? I will not believe it; it cannot be true. Then baffled by Gladys' silence, he added, "and if it be true, surely the Father of us all intended to leave no hint of shame or dishonor on this, the fairest of his creations."

Gladys felt rather than heard a deepened note of tenderness in his voice and her hopes revived. Then suddenly his calm face whitened and an expression terrible to see swept over it. Instinctively Gladys read his thought. She knew that the last unspoken thought was of the future, and because she, too, realized that the problem of heredity must be settled outside of the realm of sentiment, her breaking heart made quick resolve.

For some moments they sat in unbroken silence; then Gladys spoke: "Good

bye, Paul, I see that you must wrestle with this life problem alone as I have; there is no other way. But that you may be wholly untrammelled in your judgment, I want to assure you that you are free. I love you too well to be willing to degrade your name and prospects by uniting them with a taint of blood, of which I was as innocent as yourself, until two days ago.

"May I ask you to meet me once more, and for the last time, at twelve o'clock tonight? I will then abide by your judgment as to what is best for both of us. Let us try to be ourselves today, so that our own heart-aches may not cloud the happiness of others. I said twelve o'clock because I thought we would be less apt to be missed at that hour of general rejoicings than at any other time. Good bye, dear, 'till then." Absently Paul replied: "All right, Gladys, just as you say; I will be here."

At the approach of the midnight hour Paul and Gladys slipped away to the library, which had become to them a solemn and sacred trysting place.

Gladys looked luminously beautiful on this Christmas eve. She wore a black gauze dress flecked with silver, through which her skin gleamed with dazzling fairness. Her only ornaments were sprigs of holly, their brilliant berries adding the necessary touch of color to her unusual pallor. She greeted Paul with gentle sweetness and added dignity and courage shining in her eyes.

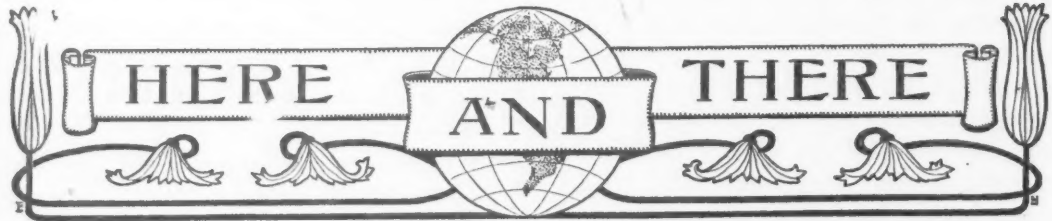
Eagerly she scanned his countenance and sought his eyes, and then she shrank back in dismay at his set face and stern demeanor.

Suddenly the strength of her love for him and the glory and tragedy which his love had brought to her life surged through her, breaking down all reserve. "Look at me, Paul," she cried in a tense whisper, "have I changed since yesterday; am I not the same Gladys you have loved so long?" In a moment their positions had changed and she had become the forceful advocate at the bar of love and justice; the love of her heart overwhelmed her voice with a torrent of words, she implored him by the sweet and sacred memories that had enkindled from the first their mutual love; by the remembered kisses, their after-glow flooding her cheeks as she spoke, and "O, my love, the happy days together," she paused, as if the very sweetness of the memory oppressed her voice to silence, and helpless and imploring she held out her hands to him.

Paul was gazing at her as if entranced, a growing tenderness filling and thrilling his soul. Gradually he became conscious of a tightening of the heart at the thought of losing her out of his life. There could be no such thing as life without Gladys, and when would she need his love, his protection, his tenderest sympathy so much as now?

The light upon Paul's transfigured countenance is reflected on Gladys' own and as he moves toward her with outstretched arms, in the adjoining room the magnificent voice of the beautiful singer rises in the Christmas carol, mingling in singular harmony with the plaintive melody as sung by a group of dusky singers beneath the windows.





[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

James Warren Payton, who passed away during October last, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Payton, of Westfield, Mass. Mr. Payton was ill but a short time with typhoid fever, but so severe was the disease that recovery was impossible, and the announcement of his death was almost wholly unexpected. James Payton was born in Westfield twenty-five years ago. He received his schooling locally until his graduation from the high school in '96. He then entered Yale, from which place he graduated four years later with high honors. The following year he remained in Westfield and tutored. Last fall he accepted the professorship of Latin and Greek in Wiley University at Marshall, Tex., and he was about to return to the south when stricken with fever. Mr. Payton had planned to eventually take up law, and it was toward this end that he studied. "Jim," as he was known to his acquaintances, was always affable, good-natured and sympathetic, and above all a thorough gentleman. His education compared favorably with the learning of the educational leaders, and he conversed fluently in English, Greek, French and German, besides being an authority in Latin. Mr. Payton enjoyed the respect and admiration of all. He leaves beside his parents, a sister, Susan A. W. Payton, a teacher in Bordentown, N. J.; P. A. Payton, Jr., a real estate dealer of New York, and Edward S. Payton, a Yale sophomore.

While at Yale, Mr. Payton prepared

a special article for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE entitled "Some Experiences and Customs at Yale," which was published in the June (1900) issue of the magazine.

The following statements and resolutions by the faculty of Wiley University show in what high esteem Mr. Payton was held by his associates:

The sudden taking off of Prof. James Warren Payton is a severe stroke to the students and faculty of Wiley University.

Prof. J. W. Payton was a young man who seemed to have understood life's deeper meanings and set himself to work in the uplift of fallen humanity after thoroughly preparing himself by graduating with high honors from Yale University.

He came and worked with us as a friend and brother to teach the principles of a Christian education. His death is our loss but heaven's gain.

The accompanying resolutions will give some idea to the public of his worth to both students and teachers.

*See page 126.*

For small change in Abyssinia a peculiar "coin" is employed. This is no other than bars of hard, crystallized salt, about ten inches long and two and a half inches square, slightly tapering toward the end. People are very particular about the standard of fineness of the currency. If it does not ring like metal when struck with the finger nail, or if it is cracked



or chipped, they will not take it. It is a token of affection when friends meet to give each other a lick of their respective "coins," and in this way the value of the bar is decreased. Smaller change than a bar of salt is sometimes needed, and then the natives have recourse to cartridges. Three cartridges pass for one bar of salt.

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The dastardly outrage committed upon a little girl of the tender age of six years by a brute in the likeness of a man, which occurred in this city a few days ago, should not be passed over with the slight notice it has received from the contemporary press of the city. Had the same allegation been made against a Negro we should have had flaring scare headlines and in all probability an incitement to the holding of a lynching bee. Instead we find the notice relegated to an obscure corner and published in the smallest possible type. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander." We have such confidence in the administration of the law in this city that we are perfectly certain the man in question will meet with that punishment which his offense merits. We simply wish to draw a comparison between the publicity given to this affair and that given to the alleged outrage committed in Dane county some few months ago, and for which a poor ignorant Negro is now undergoing his sentence in the state penitentiary.—*Wisconsin Weekly Advocate.*

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James Augustus Wilson was born in Williamsport, Pa., and reared under most careful training, his mother having laid the foundation of character which has made the man of letters of today. After graduating from the grammar school he entered a wholesale and retail book and paper store as office boy, from which he quickly arose to assistant shipping clerk,

serving five years in this capacity. Through interest of the partners he was sent to Hampton School, Va., where he spent three years, here receiving best marks in practice teaching department; he was sent then to Calhoun, Ala., to a school which was started by white ladies from the North, former teachers of Hampton. Mr. Wilson, still a mere boy, was given a position as disciplinarian over boys; also class room work. In such offices in many Southern schools the instructors really do missionary work. After five years at this school he entered the State Normal School at Plattsburgh, N. Y., with the intention of studying one year, but being ambitious and receiving much encouragement he continued the classical course, and in June, 1902, having passed four years in hard study, graduated with highest honors, excelling in declamation and essay work. He had the rare distinction of being the only colored graduate from said school. Through his rare ability and pleasing dignified manner he has endeared himself alike to both friends and instructors; while he has been made much of, he is modest and unassuming.

After graduating he was offered a position at Tuskegee, but owing to friends at Plattsburgh a way was opened that Mr. Wilson might take up a Latin scientific course at Wesleyan, which university he entered in September. It is now the intention of this ambitious youth to perfect himself that he may easily meet demands for higher education, after which he will labor with his people in the South for their betterment. While yet in his twenties, Mr. Wilson has made great progress, possessing the rare qualities of manly courage, ability and an indomitable will which are the necessary requisites for success; we have in him an example of what we hope will be the type of the men in our race to come and in whose footsteps we pray many young men with better opportunities will follow.

The Negro women of this age of advancement deserve special mention for the part they are playing in the general betterment of the race. Especially is this true in view of the way a number of our men are for political mercenary or other reasons compromising the race.

Our women are busy working, speaking and writing for the advancement of the people, and yet not one of them has ever, so far as we know, sought to gain favor and public applause at the expense of her race, nor made odious comparisons which put the race at a disadvantage in the eyes of the white people.

They are in fact and in deed the real race builders from the most unselfish standpoint, and seem to feel abundantly paid for their ardent labors when they see that an improved condition of their people is the result.

Besides the noble women we designated "our leading women," who are laboring and traveling at great personal sacrifices to instill the best thoughts and the best lives in the masses; there are scores of true-hearted women in every State who go about their great work of race-lifting silently and unobserved, but for the good results. They are daily dying for their people.—*The Conservator*, Chicago.

Master Thaddeus Duboise Turner is the bright-eyed son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Turner, of Parkersburg, W. Va. He is a devout admirer of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and desires, through its columns, to forward this special message to Santa Claus. He asks of that generous person that he send him for his Christmas share a Shetland pony and cart, plenty of candy and nuts, and a small drum.

We surely hope that Santa will heed this special request—ED.

Rev. P. Thomas Stanford, M.A., M.D., D.D., LL.D., has been recalled to Baltimore, where he labored for some eight

months as pastor of Calvary Baptist Temple, but was obliged to give up his work in that connection with the home in Massachusetts, of which he has been the president for seven years.

The doctor though born a slave about forty years ago, is today one of the most scholarly men of the race.

He studied medicine, law and theology both in this country and in England. He was educated mainly through the efforts of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone.

The doctor is called to take the financial management and to assist as one of the faculty of Christ Medical and Theological College of Baltimore, Md., an institution which is bidding fair to become the leading college of its kind in the United States. Its character is unequalled in any other Southern college that we know of, because it is not affected by the spirit of color prejudice which is so prevalent in other parts of the South.

From time to time its college halls, class rooms, hospital, sick rooms are filled with students, patients, nurses, doctors, white and colored.

When the doctor was in Baltimore he looked the college over, and he is quick to see, and knows a good thing when he sees it. At their commencement, which was held at the Calvary Baptist Temple last spring while he was pastor there, the doctor said: "Really, this is the greatest Institution that I know of," and at once accepted a place among the faculty. The doctor has the call under careful consideration.

Baltimore hopes that he will come to them and bring again his bright countenance, manly character and able ability, together with the gifts of his friends to help them. We will spare him from time to time, when it is necessary for him to go to his home and direct the work of the State Home in Cambridge, as it is understood that he will not give that up. The

doctor has also received his clearance card from his Lodge in Birmingham, England, Charity Lodge 1551, Free Masons.

On May 4, 1860, when the souls of men were being tried by the heated agitation of slavery, at a time when the menacing clouds of war hung heavily over the nation, Thomas W. Burton was born of slave parents in Madison County, Kentucky. Shortly after the close of the war, when he was but a small boy, his father died, leaving a widow with a large family to master the problems of life as best they could. Until about thirteen years of age Thomas applied himself to whatever labor he could find to do, in order to assist his aged mother in carrying the load thrust upon her by the death of his father.

But his young life was once more darkened by the loss in death of the best friend he had ever known. His mother left him an orphan, without money or friends, to make his way through life as best he could. Up to this time he had never been permitted to look inside of a school room, and he longed to know the mysteries of the secret art. But, however much his desire had been to secure an education, all hopes now disappeared. With burning aspirations for something higher, he devoted himself to whatever labor was assigned him until he had reached the age of twenty-one years.

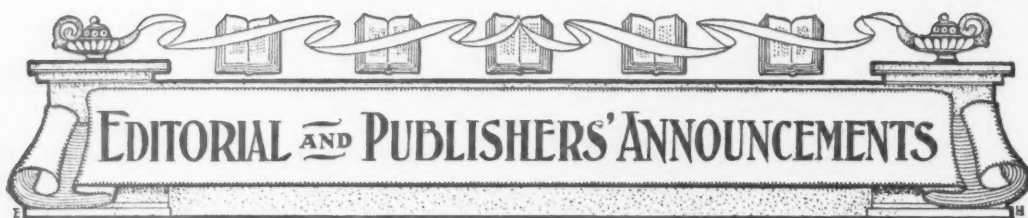
At this time he made up his mind to get an education. He placed himself in Berea College, Kentucky, where he received his

first knowledge of English. Here he remained until he had acquired an education sufficient to enable him to teach a country school, which he did to the satisfaction of everyone, for two years. Afterwards he accepted the foremanship of a large farm, which position he held for some time. From there he went to work on the railroad, driving steel tunneling through rock, etc., or doing whatever his hands found to do.

While yet devoting himself to his labors, his mind was constantly disturbed by thoughts of a higher, more useful and a nobler life. He wanted to be a doctor.

The thought of pills, powders and the sick room was ever before him. At last he made up his mind to give himself to the study of medicine and trust to the future for such openings as would enable him to succeed. He went to Indianapolis, Ind., where he placed himself under the instruction of Dr. William Chavis, in 1889. The winters of 1890 and 1891 were spent in the Medical College of Indiana; from there he entered the Eclectic College of Physicians and Surgeons, from which he graduated March 24, 1892. From there he went to Springfield, Ohio, and opened an office on April 5, of the same year. Since locating there Dr. Burton has taken an active part in every thing pertaining to the welfare of his race. He was married August 3rd, 1893, to Miss Hattie B. Taylor, of Cynthiana, Ky., and has an interesting little girl six years of age by the name of Gladys Benjamin Burton. By thrift and energy he has built for himself a valuable practice.





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WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.*JESSE W. WATKINS, *Treasurer.*W. A. JOHNSON, *Secretary and Advertising Manager.*

*"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"*

—LOWELL.

President Roosevelt has tendered to John S. Durham, of Philadelphia, the appointment as one of the assistant attorneys to appear for the government before the Spanish war claims commission, and the latter will accept. Durham is one of the best known colored lawyers in that city, and former minister to Hayti. He is active in politics, and was indorsed for the assistant-attorneyship by Senators Quay and Penrose. In his work before the commission Durham will be associated with Judge Fuller, of Iowa, and Hannis Taylor. Durham will probably be sent to Cuba to gather evidence for presentation to the commission.

John S. Durham was U. S. consul to Hayti under the Harrison administration and was made minister to the same country on the retirement from that office by the late Frederick Douglass. On his retirement from the Haytian ministry Mr. Durham took a position as supervisor of Cuban plantation for an American syndicate, but has now for some time been practicing law in Philadelphia. Mr. Durham is a native of the city of brotherly-love, and is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

He was formerly a well-known news-

paper correspondent in his native city. Mr. Durham is associated with Judge Fuller, a well-known lawyer of Iowa, and ex-minister Hannis Taylor, to Spain, who is a native and a well-known Southerner residing at Mobile, Ala. It will be the duty of these three attorneys to look out for the interest of the United States in the claims arising out of the Spanish war in Cuba, which are being preferred against this country by the Spanish government.

The colored race has had much to bear from our white friends when speaking of morality, but bad as we are said to be, we have never yet organized a syndicate of vice. An investigation now going on in Philadelphia and New York, has brought such an organization into the broad glare of the day, and the details are simply revolting. The syndicate had agents in several of the old world countries, and their barter in human flesh for immoral purposes is almost past belief. And they are all of the dominant race. Just think of it ye detractors of Negro womanhood.—*Baltimore Afro-American.*

All things come to those who know how to wait. The action of several Southern states in disfranchising the Negro will in all probability prove to be a



"boomerang" to such states. President Roosevelt has shown his usual fairness and impartiality in his dismissal from office of Collector Bingham, of Alabama, of the notorious Lilywhite gang. Postmaster General Payne's scheme to reduce the representation in Congress from the Southern states in proportion to the number of qualified voters and not according to population is deserving of the unqualified support of the Negro press and people. To a large extent this point was lost sight of during the recent campaign. But to our personal knowledge the congressmen-elect from Wisconsin at any rate are in perfect accord with Mr. Payne in his endeavor to right the wrong which has been done at least so far as that can be done by causing the offending states to suffer a corresponding loss in the number of their congressional representatives. This gentleman makes a very strong point when he calls attention to the fact that in the Republican national convention the state of Minnesota is entitled to twenty delegates with a certain number of Republican votes recorded, while the whole of the Southern states with an almost identical number of Republican votes are at present entitled to one hundred and twenty delegates (or six times the number) in this aforesaid convention. It is to be hoped that this matter will receive the attention of the President in his forthcoming annual message, or if not, that the Negro press, at any rate, will keep right on agitating the question, and upholding the policy which Mr. Payne advocates, until redress is obtained and the rights of all American citizens, "irrespective of race, creed color or previous condition of servitude."—*Wisconsin Weekly Advocate*.

A story of humane slavery was told recently in the Probate Court at Mobile, Ala., in a habeas corpus case before Judge Price Williams.

A Mr. Dickerson, of the firm of Far-

sish & Dickerson, who have a plantation in Wilcox County, arrived in the city with a warrant, that had been signed by the justice of the peace in his neighborhood, for the arrest of a Phyllis McCauts, a Negro woman, who is living in Mobile, on the charge of breaking a contract. Mr. Dickerson was authorized to execute the warrant and caused the arrest of the woman. She was taken to the sheriff's office.

Charles Tompkins, on behalf of the woman, sued out a writ of habeas corpus, returnable before Judge Price Williams.

As soon as Dickerson learned that habeas corpus proceedings had been instituted he prepared to resist it and employed counsel.

Dickerson, who was the first witness, testified that his firm made a contract with the McCauts woman in the early part of 1900, by which she was to perform certain labor in the field at the wages of \$4.00 a month and board. At the time the firm took up an indebtedness of \$26, which she owed to a former employer.

Notwithstanding this was nearly three years ago and the woman has served the firm ever since, until just prior to January 15 of this year, she has not completely liquidated the debt.

The woman, who had in her arms an infant two months old, testified that she had worked for the firm, as stated; that just before January 15 last she left, going to the home of her mother, seven miles distant; that Dickerson came after her, and tying a rope around her neck, the other end of which he tied to the pommel of his saddle, led her the entire distance. That upon arriving at the store she was taken into a rear room, and notwithstanding her physical condition, was beaten by Mr. Dickerson. In proof of this assertion the woman showed numerous welts that looked as if made by a rope, across her arms and back.

Judge Williams dismissed the woman from custody.

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